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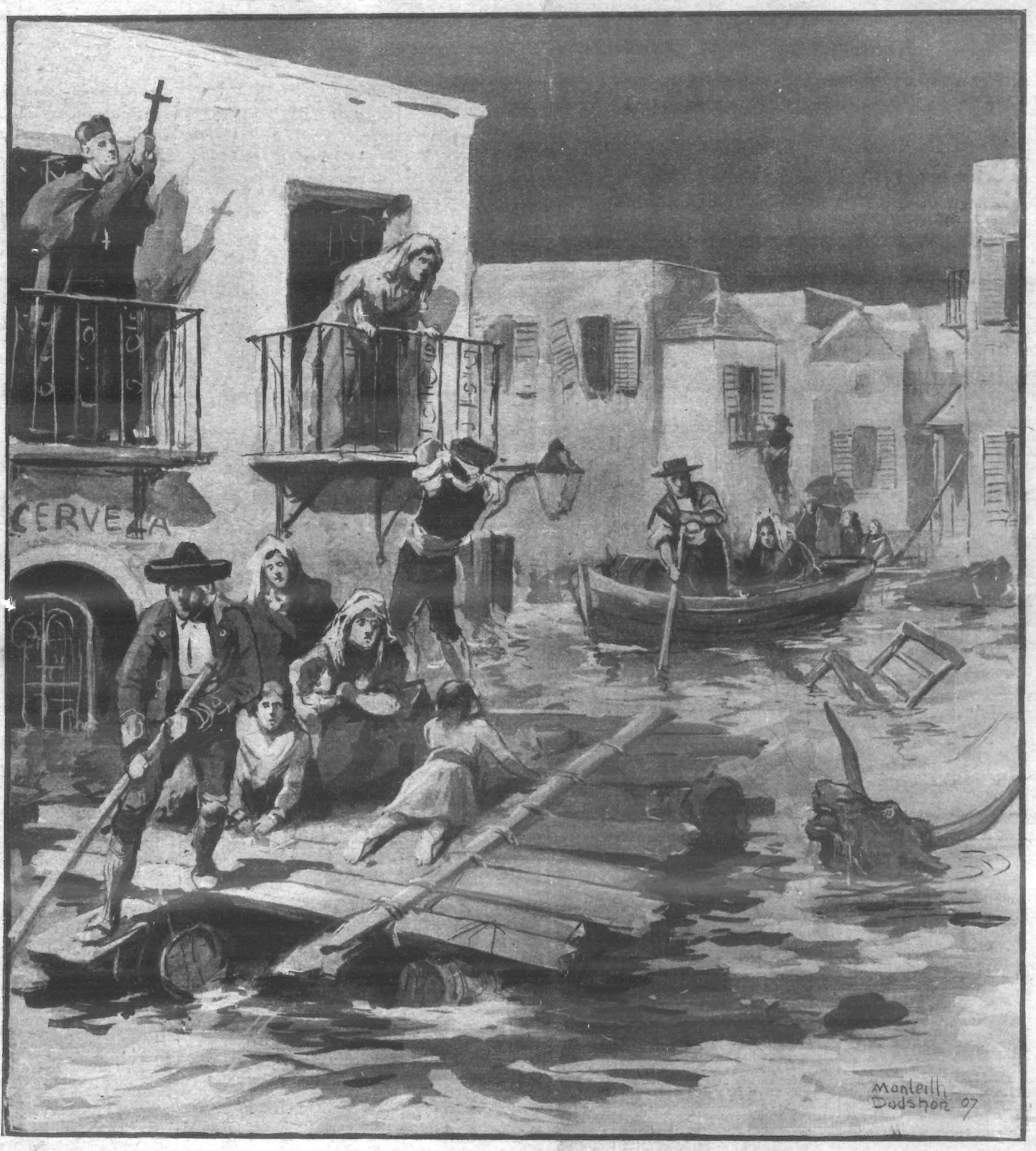

SPAIN'S SCENES OF FLOOD AND FAMINE.

Stories of the terrible floods in France and Spain are arriving every day, and each fresh report adds to the horrors already known. In Spain, where the poverty of the peasants is inconceivable in England, the homeless refugees, many of them leaving dead relatives behind them, have swarmed into the towns, and in Malaga, one of the finest cities of Spain, where a review of the Spanish fleet was recently held, they are demanding money at the point of the knife. They know, too, how to use the weapon, so it is no idle threat. Even where the floods have drained away from the inundated districts in southern Spain, the residents are battling with mud. In places it is three feet thick in the streets, has penetrated into the houses, and is estimated to amount to 100,000 cubic yards. How many people were drowned by the floods has not yet been ascertained, but it is thought that it will run into thousands. More bodies are being recovered every day from the mud, and brought to the great town of Malaga or one of the smaller cities, while others are constantly being washed up by the sea. It is even said that the bodies of victims have been picked up on the coast of Morocco.

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TO MOTHERS.

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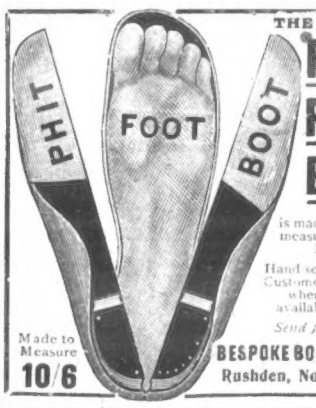

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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Should We Have State Railways?

FOR.

THERE are a great many people who are coming to the conclusion that, if there is one public body which does not understand how to manage railways, it is a railway company. The fact that a railway, as a going concern, is run entirely for the purpose of taking money out of the pockets of private individuals is hardly calculated to insure the highest efficiency from the public point of view, or the most economical means of getting about the country. Such a condition of affairs must be productive of discontent, and we know that the greater proportion of travellers are grumblers, while the feelings of railway servants as regards the conducting of railways by highly-paid and ornamental directors are hardly mentionable at the present moment.

Now if all question of greed and gain were removed by buying up the railway companies and placing the transit of persons, like the transit of letters, in the hands of the State, we should secure certain very decided benefits that we can never expect under the present conditions of working.

Instead of having a dozen companies willing to convey passengers in a high-handed spirit, giving them only such services of trains as are most profitable, and cheerfully overcharging them in every direction but that which the Government already controls by Parliamentary fares, we should have one State system, run solely in the interests of the public. At the present moment business in this country is largely ruined owing to the attitude of railway companies. The tariffs charged make it impossible for the British producer to compete with the foreigner. There are many districts within thirty miles of London that have almost ceased to be productive because it costs manufacturers, farmers, and market-gardeners more to send their goods to London than it does the foreign producer from the Continent. Without the necessity of finding a fat dividend which will satisfy the greedy investor, it would be possible to make transport so cheap in England that a revival in trade must instantly follow. There would be great prospects, too, before those who have small incomes and desire to live where rents are cheap. If it is possible to convey passengers at a penny a mile and make a huge profit, the public might

REASONABLY EXPECT A GENERAL REDUCTION IN FARES

by at least one-half when railways had only to pay their way under State management.

If we are willing to admit that some railways are managed almost as well as they could be, and carry passengers in carriages, and not human cattle-trucks, we will grant anyone who pleases that there are others which should have no interest outside a museum. That we should be tempted to visit one part of the country owing to the excellence of its railway service, and avoid another on any pretext owing to its decrepit trundling machines, is, to say the least of it, monstrous. We want better lines for all and better lines everywhere, and it is only by obtaining a Government brand of train, and the uniform working of a Government office, to insure consistent management on all lines alike, that we shall get anything of the sort.

Would the workers on railway lines and in stations be worse off than they are now if they became Government servants? This is a rather delicate subject; but we may assume from certain signs that there are a good many excellent men who would risk the exchange and chance it. One thing they may be quite certain of, and that is that all the disputes which arise from Unionism and anti-Unionism would finally disappear. They would not have to depend upon the gratuities of the railway passenger to make up the wage which the tight-pursed companies will not give them. Their hours would be regulated with clockwork-like precision, and their interests would be represented in the House of Commons. Most important of all, those petty tyrannies of which the railway servant has now so often reason to complain, would vanish in the broader working of a Government department. And it must be remembered that so long as railways continue to be run as dividend-paying enterprises, so long must their servants be in the position that

IF PROFITS DIMINISH THE SCREW WILL HAVE TO BE PUT ON SOMEWHERE,

and it is the men who would be made to feel it first.

The question as to whether State railways are desirable from a national point of view has been clearly set out by Lord Brassey, who is a high authority on such matters. In Belgium, and in other countries, State railways have been tried, and their success proved over and over again. Travelling is at its cheapest and best on the State railways abroad, and conveniences are offered the public in getting from place to place by circular tickets, of which the home-staying traveller has not even dreamed. Where there is no question of showing a shareholder's profit, concessions are made to the public, which reveal that the purpose of a railway system is to serve the traveller to the very best of its ability, and acknowledge his right to be put before any calculations as to how much can be extracted by regarding humanity as merchandise.

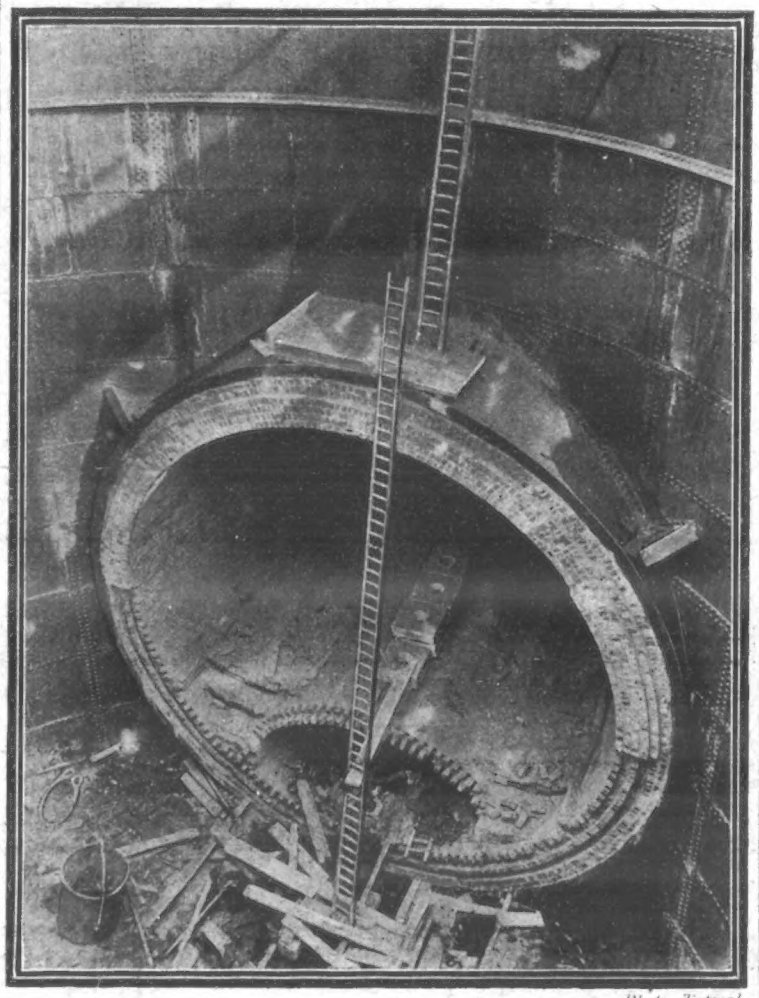


Photo. Topical.

A COLOSSAL ENGINEERING FEAT.

The yawning mouth of the new tunnel in course of construction at Rotherhithe. Note the diminutive aspect of the ladders in comparison with the tube mouth.

AGAINST.

At a time when railway companies are in anything but a healthy condition, when investors are selling out, and an ever-increasing number of those who can afford to do so, travel by road in preference to rail — at a time when everything in connection with railways is looking down, it is suggested that the nationalisation of our great lines shall add to the sorrows of the taxpayer.

If we assume that it is possible for the Nation to afford to buy up the railway companies by raising a gigantic loan at 4 per cent., a means would have to be found of paying this interest out of a business which at present yields 3·37 per cent. There are two ways in which this could be done; either the rates could be put up, or fares increased on every line in the kingdom. Perhaps the country would not be permitted to choose in which way it would prefer to support State railways, because Governments have rather arbitrary ways of settling what is best for the good of the community. It must be remembered that at the present moment the Government is not very kind to those who do their best to meet the requirements of the travelling public. It takes, and has always taken, the view that the companies should give their passengers the greatest possible facilities at the least possible charge.

This fatherly feeling towards the public has ensured us rides at the rate of a penny a mile wherever we go; it has insisted upon the companies giving us this luxury without going into its working possibilities; and it has furnished us with workmen's trains which are helping to ruin several companies. From the point of view of those who have not a penny invested in railway securities this is all excellent and highly commendable; but are we to be persuaded into believing that the Government is going to champion the rights of the public when it has

CHANGED PLACES WITH THE COMPANIES IT HAS OPPRESSED?

Who cannot picture the serene and peaceful methods on which a State railway would be run? With one eye on our Post Office system, imagine the State railway-station, the State booking-clerk, the State ticket-collector, the State porter, and the State guard. Go through the imaginary feat of persuading any one of these officials to do anything at a faster rate than a stamp is sold in a busy post-office! Picture the yards of red tape that would be introduced in order to protect the State Railway Office against the fair claims of the traveller; reflect on the probable conduct of a State station-master on being told that he had sent a passenger's bag a hundred miles beyond its proper destination, and then vote for or against the nationalisation of railways!

As the principal lines in this country are conducted at present, their great advantage, from the traveller's point of view, is that they are perpetually trying to cut one another's throats. If one company introduces an "improved service," its rival is, in self-protection, bound to introduce a better. It is only on those lines where there is no competition that downright discomfort still exists for the traveller, and by handing over the railways of this country to the Government, competition would be entirely wiped out. At the present moment the bitterest enemy of railway companies will not deny that the public is considered in many ways that are not absolutely necessary; luxuries in the form of corridor trains, better seats, and more lights have been introduced for the greater comfort of the humblest of travellers; but if a State railway made any such concessions—which is extremely improbable—it would immediately be accused of wasting public money. We could only expect a State railway to provide the bare necessities of travel. It would probably buy its rolling stock on the same principle that the War Office buys its horse-shoes. In every direction in which the great companies spend money in order to secure the patronage of the public,

GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS WOULD CUT DOWN PROFITS,

with the inevitable result that manufacturers and traders would suffer, and thousands of men and women would be thrown out of work. Government spells sweating, and sweated would be every soul serving in railway workshops under Government contract.

On the point of the direct employment of labour the nationalisation of railways hardly holds an encouraging prospect. There are two opinions as to whether railway companies pay their servants a fair living wage; but there can be no sane man living who supposes for one moment that his earnings would increase from the day on which railways were nationalised. Government service means giving the best years of a man's life for the smallest possible wage, in the hope of a pension which is not sufficient to keep body and soul together. The management of our railways by the State would bring about a decrease in the staff of every line. The Government servant is made to go a very long way; how far, only a postman knows precisely, and the Government porter would be distributed with a sparing hand at every station in the kingdom; while the travelling public, knowing him to be a public servant, paid by the State to execute a certain amount of porterage, would immediately assume a highly moral attitude towards the question of tips. Discontent exists among railway employees and the public, but the way out does not lie in the direction of surrendering every hope to the brass-bound methods of officialdom.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN SCOTLAND.

SIXTY PERSONS INJURED.

A SERIOUS collision took place on the North British Railway, close to Sunnyside Station, at Coatbridge, last Monday night. Sixty persons were injured, but, fortunately, no lives were lost.

Soon after nine o'clock a light engine was sent from Kipps engine sheds at Coatbridge to bring a train from Hyndland Station, Glasgow. It was proceeding slowly toward the station when an excursion train from Edinburgh dashed into it from behind.

The train was the last from Edinburgh, and was crowded with excursionists who had taken advantage of a holiday in Glasgow to make a trip to the Scottish capital.

The passenger train struck the light engine with such force that its own engine was partly demolished and one of the buffers thrown over a wall into the Sunnyside road.

The light engine was driven at a terrific speed past the platform by the impact.

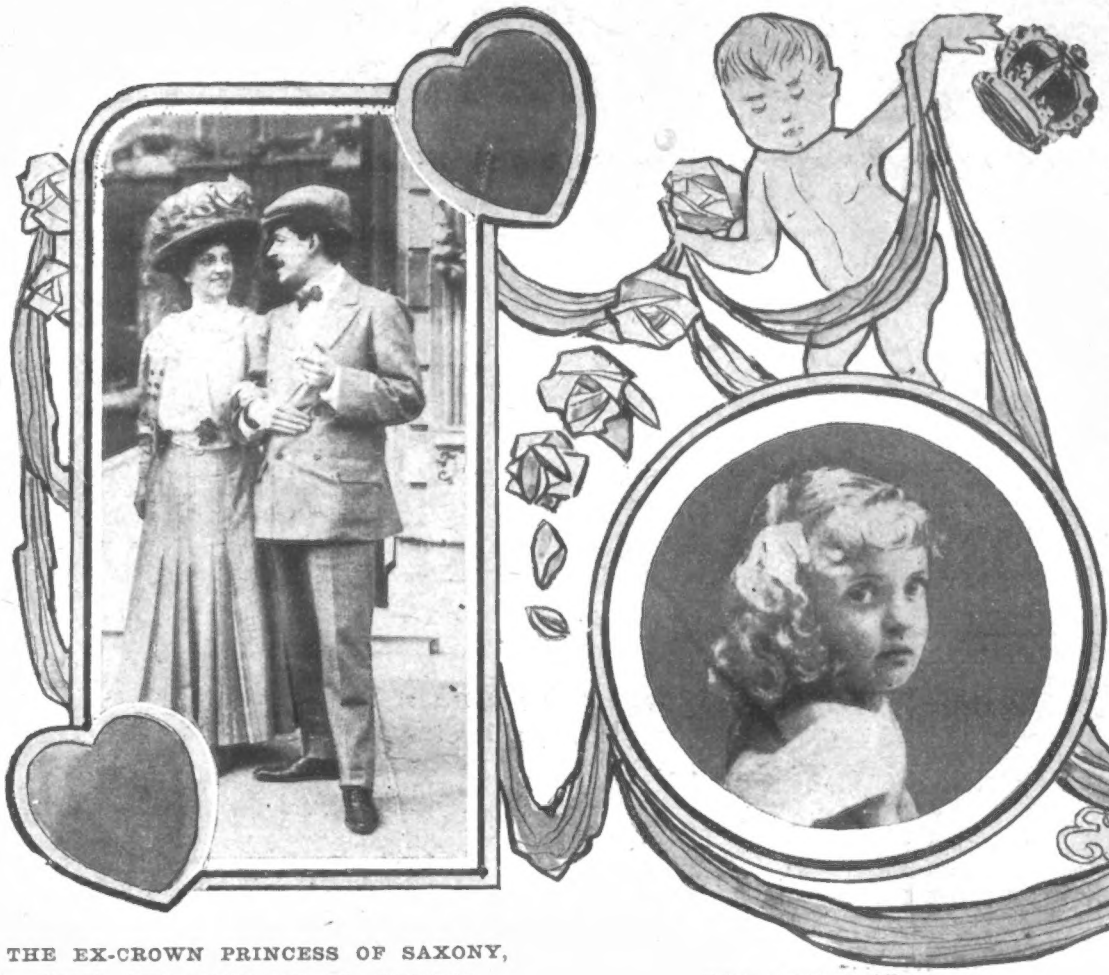
A large crowd of persons who were waiting on the platform for the ordinary train to Glasgow witnessed the accident.

The passenger train crashed through the station, and again struck the light engine, which had fouled the crossing.

The injured people were quickly extricated, and were conveyed to the waiting-rooms.

NOTICE.—*In future all Editorial Communications for "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, W.C.*

A ROYAL ROMANCE.



THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY, WITH HER HUSBAND, M. TOSELLI.

THE PRINCESS MONICA.

THE FIGHT FOR SAXONY'S PRINCESS.

THE King of Saxony is fighting for the possession of his youngest child, the little Princess Monica, and his efforts are more strenuous now that the ex-Crown Princess, who was divorced after her flight in 1902 with a Belgian tutor named Andre Giron, has married Signor Toselli, a professional musician, in London. For some years the Prince and Princess lived happily together. The first cause of the Crown Prince's displeasure is said to have been the Princess's passionate liking for amateur theatricals. She was of a very lively disposition, and the rigours of the Saxon Court, where even cycling was regarded with disfavour, were not at all to her liking. On one occasion, it is said, she appeared on the stage as a servant blacking boots, and the Crown Prince expressed the opinion that a part more suitable for a future Queen of Saxony should have been selected. Then, in 1902, came the sensational news that the Princess herself had run away from Court with M. Andre Giron, who had been engaged to teach her children. Of her own accord she renounced all royal rights, and thus cast away for ever her chance of becoming Queen of Saxony. Five months after her flight from the Court she gave birth to Princess Monica. It is this child that the King of Saxony is now trying to obtain possession of, but Madame Toselli is equally determined that he shall not do so.

THE KING OF SAXONY.

HAVOC OF FLOODS.

THE catastrophe in the south of France and Spain caused by the great floods is even more terrible than the historic floods of 1860, 1875, and 1880, which caused terrible loss both of life and property.

An immense district, which in the middle of last week was one of the most beautiful in France, now looks a ghastly picture. Where the water does not still surge sullenly in yellow waves there are miles of marsh and mud, out of which ruins of houses, carts, dead cattle, and broken furniture peer up into the leaden sky.

There are people wandering about in Agde who were comparatively wealthy before the floods, and who now have neither home nor clothes. A clock-manufactory at St. Jean de Fos was swept away bodily and the workpeople's houses demolished.

The water must have rushed down on the village of Valensac with tremendous force, for the interior walls and doors of all the houses have been smashed to pieces. All the stables in the place were swept away, and the bodies of dead horses are to be seen floating about.

All the district round Toulon is suffering terribly from the storm.

UNNECESSARY SUFFERING.

IT is really marvellous the amount of suffering and discomfort many people endure through affections of the skin, simply because they do not know the right treatment, and have a natural dislike to seeing a doctor about their ailment. Though their sufferings are intensely real and accompanied by disfigurement, they persist in using cold cream and similar ointments, which are worse than useless; small wonder that their skin trouble becomes chronic. What they need is "Antexema," which cures any trouble of the skin swiftly and surely. It is soothing in cases where irritation exists, and healing where disfigurement and unsightliness cause the sufferer unnecessary misery. An interesting handbook on "Skin Troubles," giving all possible information as to eczema, nettlerash, psoriasis, and every other form of skin illness, with full details as to treatment, is published by the Antexema Company, and we recommend all our readers to take advantage of their offer to send the handbook, together with a generous free trial of "Antexema" and "Antexema Granules" to all who forward three penny stamps. All you have to do is to mention this paper, and enclose three stamps, and write direct to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London N.W.; and do so at once, lest you forget.

LONDON ANARCHIST ARRESTED

The Berlin police have arrested a London Anarchist named Grossmann, who writes under the pseudonym, "More Light."

He had come from the Anarchist Congress at Amsterdam to carry on an anti-militarist propaganda in Germany, and, in accordance with the resolutions of the congress, to unite the two Anarchist groups in Berlin. The German authorities take a determined attitude towards anti-militarism.

Photos. Illus. Bureau.

FRENCH TROOPS MARCHING OVER ROUGH COUNTRY TO THE ATTACK OF THE MOORS.

GUNS IN ACTION: FIRING ON THE MOORS' CAMP.

THE FIGHTING IN CASA BLANCA.

DO YOU DIABOLO?

England is suffering from a severe attack of "Diabolitis." The question one hears on every side is "Do you Diabolo?"—and everyone is spinning the spindle, with the result that shopkeepers are doing a roaring trade. It is claimed for the new game that it is extremely graceful for ladies, and our photographs go to substantiate this claim.

THE BIRMINGHAM TRAM SMASH.

EIGHTEEN passengers were injured in a serious tramway smash at Birmingham on Tuesday, the accident occurring at the corner of Carver Street and Warstone Lane, on the lodge route. A car containing about twenty passengers of the artisan class was descending a steep gradient, when the vehicle left the line and overturned, all the occupants being thrown into the roadway and injured.

Several who were riding on the top of the car were thrown a distance of several yards.

Twelve of the most seriously hurt were removed to the hospital on ambulances, others whose injuries were not so serious being treated after.

Near the same spot, a few months ago, a tramway-car overturned, twelve passengers receiving injuries.

LIVED ON SEALS.

HARDSHIPS EXPERIENCED BY A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

THE *Prussia*, an American barque, says the *Evening News* Plymouth correspondent, was torn to pieces off the Patagonian coast in June.

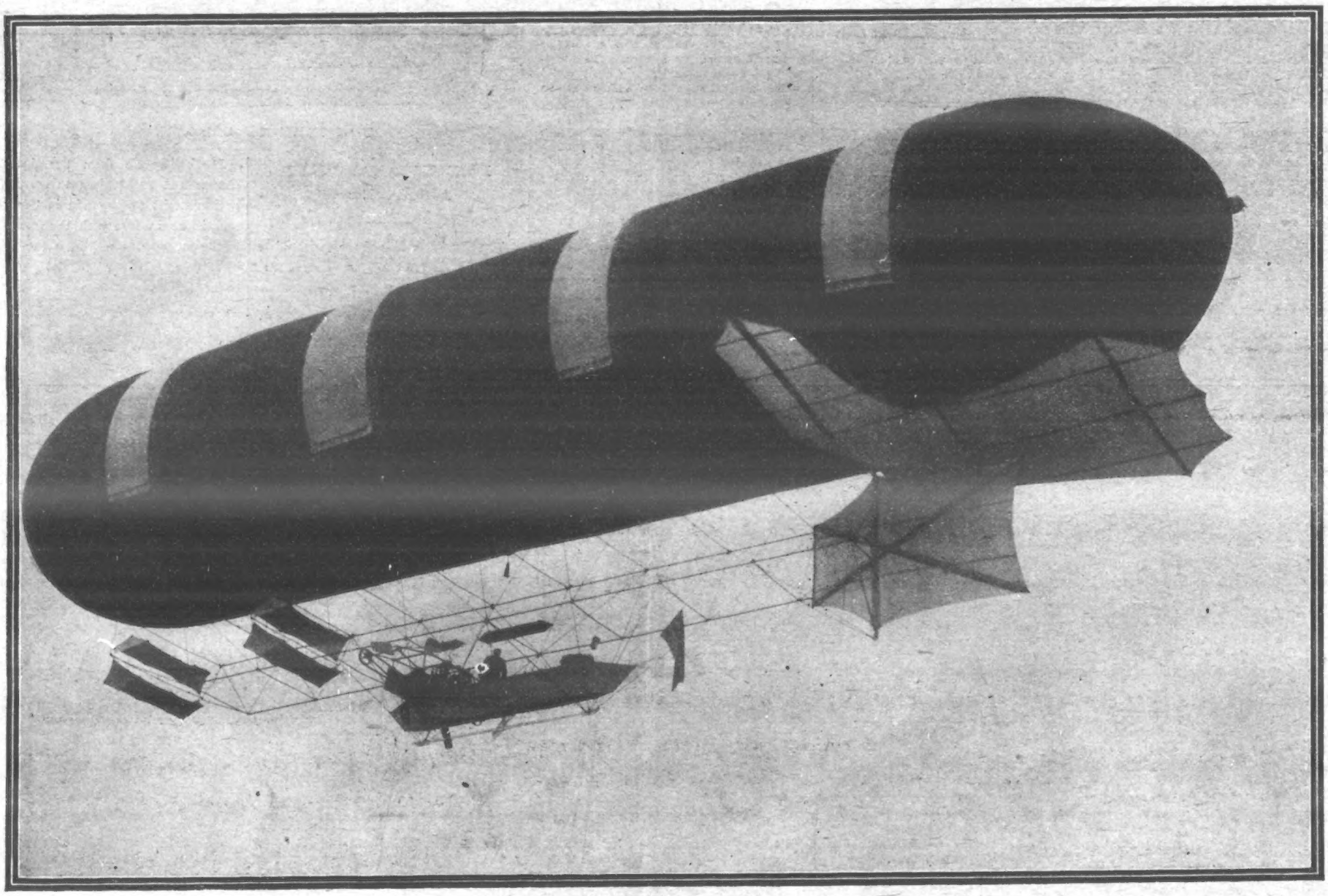
For seven weeks the castaways lived in snow on the only strip of beach for miles in the mountainous region.

They subsisted on seals at first, and when the seals grew wary they ate the skins and the shellfish they found on the shore.

After a month's work the carpenter built a small skiff out of pieces of the wreckage, and in this the mate and three seamen rowed to New Year Island.

Although the island was but thirty miles away, the trip took nearly a week, because of head winds and seas.

At the island they found Lieutenant Delgrade, an Argentine naval officer, who, with a volunteer crew, rescued the shipwrecked band.



BRITAIN'S TRIUMPH OF THE AIR.

The "Nulli Secundus," the British military airship, performed a series of marvellous evolutions last Monday afternoon. So successful were the trials that at their conclusion it was stated that the "Nulli Secundus" would fly to London in the near future, and circle over Buckingham Palace for the King's inspection.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

THE feature of last Saturday's League games was the first defeat of Sheffield Wednesday and the extraordinary failure of the Southern clubs to hold their own with their Northern rivals. However, there is more than a little excuse forthcoming in at least one case, for Woolwich Arsenal had to take the field against Preston North End at Deepdale at about half their ordinary strength.

As a fact, they were quite a crippled side. Imagine the Arsenal team without Gray, Cross, or Sharp at back, Satterthwaite and Garbutt absent from the forward line, and one can get a fair idea of the loss of strength that the Arsenal suffered from. It was little wonder that they lost the match, good as the substitutes were.

Chelsea met with another reverse. They played Manchester United, who scored four goals, with only one response from the Londoners. There is little question that the better side won, but it was almost due to one man, that individual being the old Manchester City player, Willie Meredith. The latter was in rare form, but for his success he had in a great measure to thank the weakness of the Chelsea defence.

Fulham came a cropper in the Second Division, Barnsley beating them by six goals to nil on the latter's enclosure. The Yorkshire club's ground possesses special advantages for the home team, but there must have been something radically wrong with the visiting team for the "Cottagers" to be beaten by such a big margin. Truly it is a puzzling season.

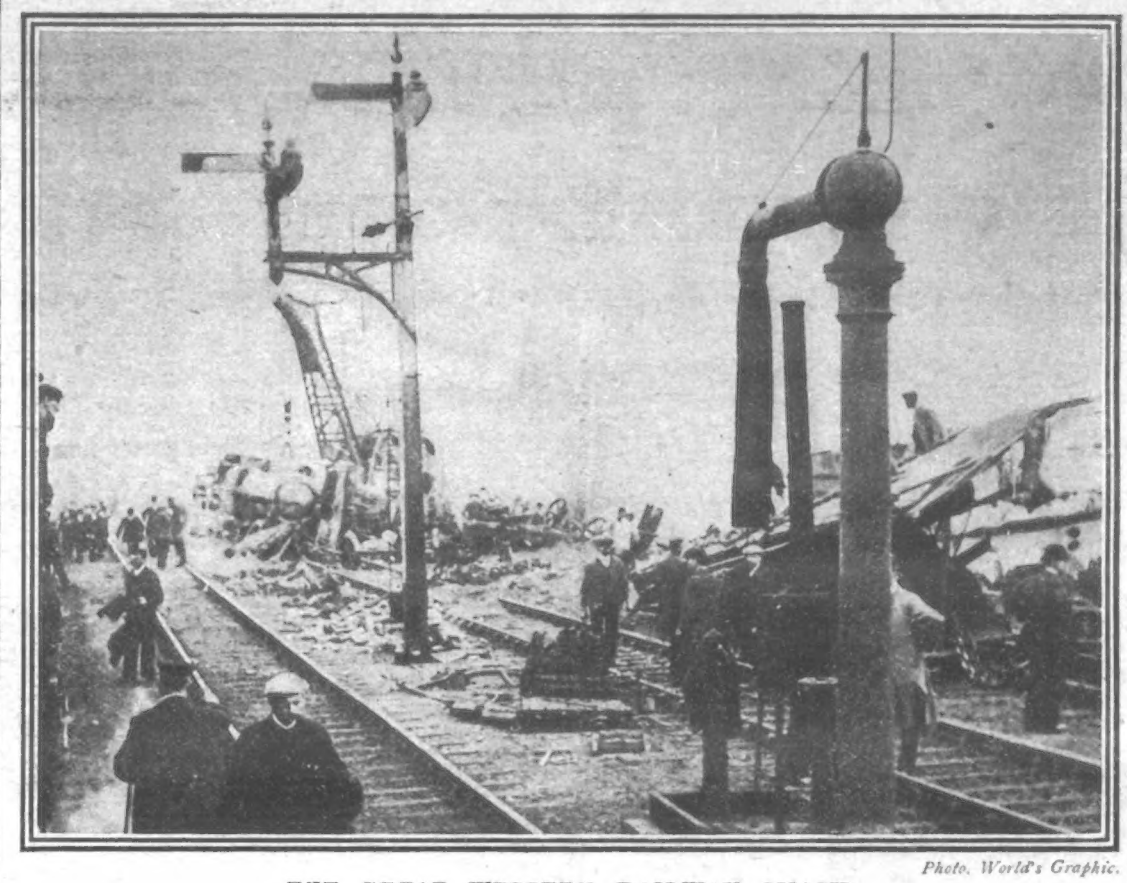


Photo. World's Graphic.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY SMASH.

The scene of the serious accident near Newport (Wales), in which many passengers were injured and the engine-driver of one train was killed.

Plymouth Argyle have the distinction of being the only unbeaten team in the Southern League, and it is a splendid tribute to their powers that they should go to Brighton and defeat the Albion by two goals to one. Plymouth were not regarded as a great team when the season began, but they have shown sufficiently good form to encourage them to go on. It will be remembered, especially by their close adherents, that there was a grave doubt about their continuing.

Brentford have discovered some sharp-shooters. Last Saturday they defeated Watford in the Southern League by four to one, and deserved every goal they got. The previous week, the Griffin Park team had been badly beaten by Reading, and the supporters of the Middlesex club were rather despondent in consequence. However, against Watford they played a really brilliant game, every man being seen at his best.

Queen's Park Rangers and the Crystal Palace had a tight match at Sydenham, but the Rangers, playing a fine game, captured the points by the odd goal in five. Millwall had almost a walk-over with Norwich City, and scored six times, with only one response from the East Anglians.

Swindon quite unexpectedly defeated Tottenham Hotspur, but the latter were playing away from home, and although they were beaten by a single goal they gave an excellent display. Swindon have a reputation for ultra-vigorous football; on Saturday they gave a really entertaining exhibition, without undue roughness, and they deserve credit for an undeniably good win.

West Ham United put up a fine performance by defeating Luton on the latter's ground by three goals to nil—a win which on the run of the play was thoroughly deserved. Bristol Rovers, as expected, defeated Reading by two goals to one, and Portsmouth gained a big victory over Southampton by three to nil—a result by no means foreshadowed by previous matches. But this is a season of surprises. New Brompton had rather the better of the play with Leyton, but could only draw at two goals each, while Northampton

COOLIES WITH THEIR GOODS AND CHATTELS.

JOHNNY CHINAMAN GOES HOME.

According to a contemporary, many of the coolies repatriated under the Imperial Government's Concession before their contracts had expired, are "opulent 'slaves.'" The correspondent vouches that at least one Chinaman who sailed on the "Heliopolis" was wearing a fine diamond ring for which he could produce the receipt; another was owner of a splendid gramophone, another had a motor-cycle; and gold watch-chains, silver watch-chains, cigarette-cases, travelling-trunks, bicycles, and loose gold were comparatively commonplace. It may be noted that the coolies whose photographs we give show no outward and visible sign of this great opulence. The 3500 coolies are employed in the largest of the Rand mines.

Photo. Crellin.

COOLIES ENTERING THE TRAIN

Photo. London Artistic Studio.

THE CROWD OF 3500 COOLIES WHO ARE TO BE REPATRIATED THIS MONTH.

Photo. Muggeridge.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.—RICHMOND v. UNITED SERVICES.

Our photograph (which is a remarkable one even for a snap-shot) shows an exciting moment after a line out. The Services won by thirteen points to three.

[*Continued from previous page.*]

added to their reputation by dividing points with Bradford Park Avenue.

At a rough computation there were 225,000 spectators at the First League games last Saturday; 90,000 watched the Second Division matches, and 95,000 the Southern League engagements, and yet we are told that football is on the decline. Perhaps the detractors of the game regard the regrettable split in Association circles, with some degree of satisfaction, but if only a little forbearance is shown by both sides, things may right themselves.

There is, of course, just as big a rift in the lute in Rugby, and the course of events will be watched with interest, not to say anxiety, during the coming few months. The team of New Zealanders who will this season play matches against Northern Union clubs arrived in London on Monday and have since gone to Leeds, which city will be their headquarters. McGregor, Smith, Johnstone, and Mackrell, of the famous "All-Blacks" are of the party.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Writing upon either athletics or cycling at the present juncture is no easy task; in fact, it is almost trying to make bricks without straw. There are, of course, some events of minor importance, but all first-class meetings have bidden their adieux to the present season, and it will not be until the cross-country season gets into its stride that any events will take place of sufficient importance to make a fuss about.

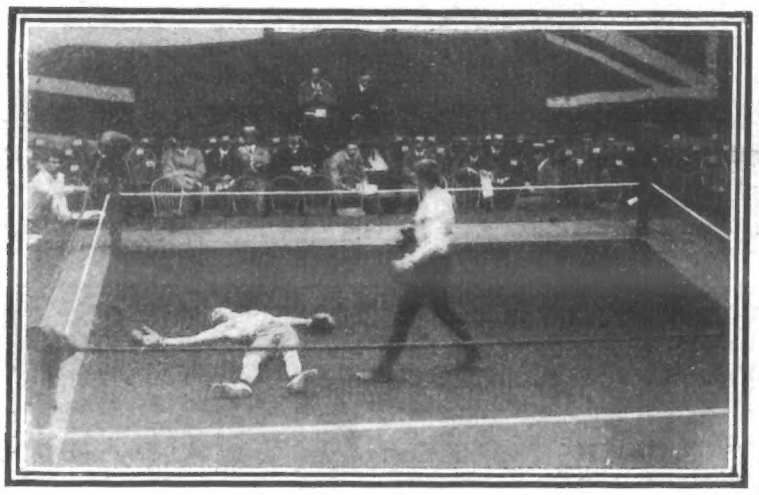
The one event of last week was the time trials of the Surrey Walking Club. The "Dithy" Challenge Cup was a part of the programme, and there were medals for those who walked from London to Brighton inside 9¾ hours. Three men accomplished the 52¼ miles in the time, and those were the only three to finish.

A. Hubbard was the winner, and he accomplished a really fine performance by covering the distance in 8 hours 51 sec. The record of J. Butler is 8 hours 23 sec., so that Hubbard's time takes very little inferior rank to it. Indeed, a few years ago it would have been a record, for Knott's 8 hours 54 min. held the field for a long time.

The Queen's Park Harriers had a quiet meeting of their own at Wormwood Scrubbs, the event being a two-miles' road handicap. The was won by T. C. Habishaw, who, with a start of 1 min. 45 sec. just won on the post from G. Marshall, whose allowance was 5 sec. more.

The Herne Hill Harriers held an interesting meeting at Chislehurst, though the events were confined to members. T. W. Woodman won the half-mile from the 40-yards mark in 2 min. 3 4-5 sec. G. T. Panter was successful in a four-miles handicap, his start being 3 min. 15 sec., and a two-miles handicap fell to A. W. Martin, who had an allowance of 1 min. 20 sec.

A record for a 100-miles tricycle ride was accomplished on Monday by S. Hulbert, of the Raleigh Cycling Club, who covered the distance named in 6 hours 15 min. — new time for Southern roads in unpaced attempts.

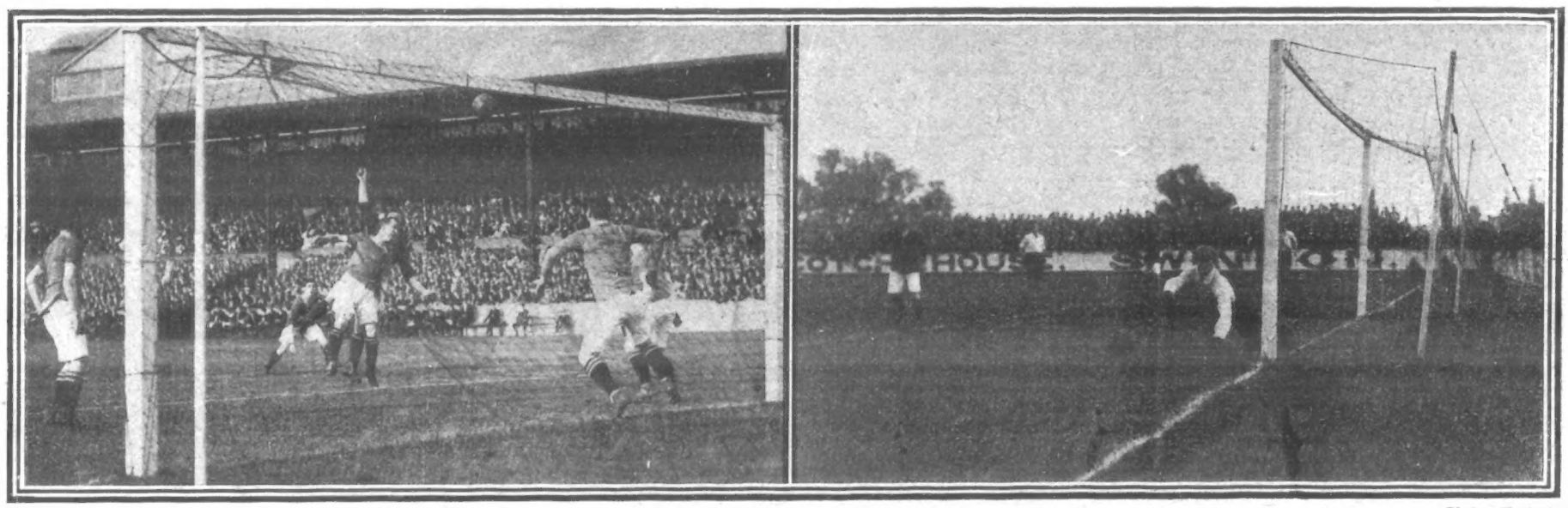


THE ARMY AND NAVY BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Engine-Room Artificer W. L. Hudson knocked down by Lance-Corporal Farelin.

THE ARMY AND NAVY BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Private Marshall goes down under a terrific blow from Driver Ford, in the course of a hard fight.



Photos. Topical.

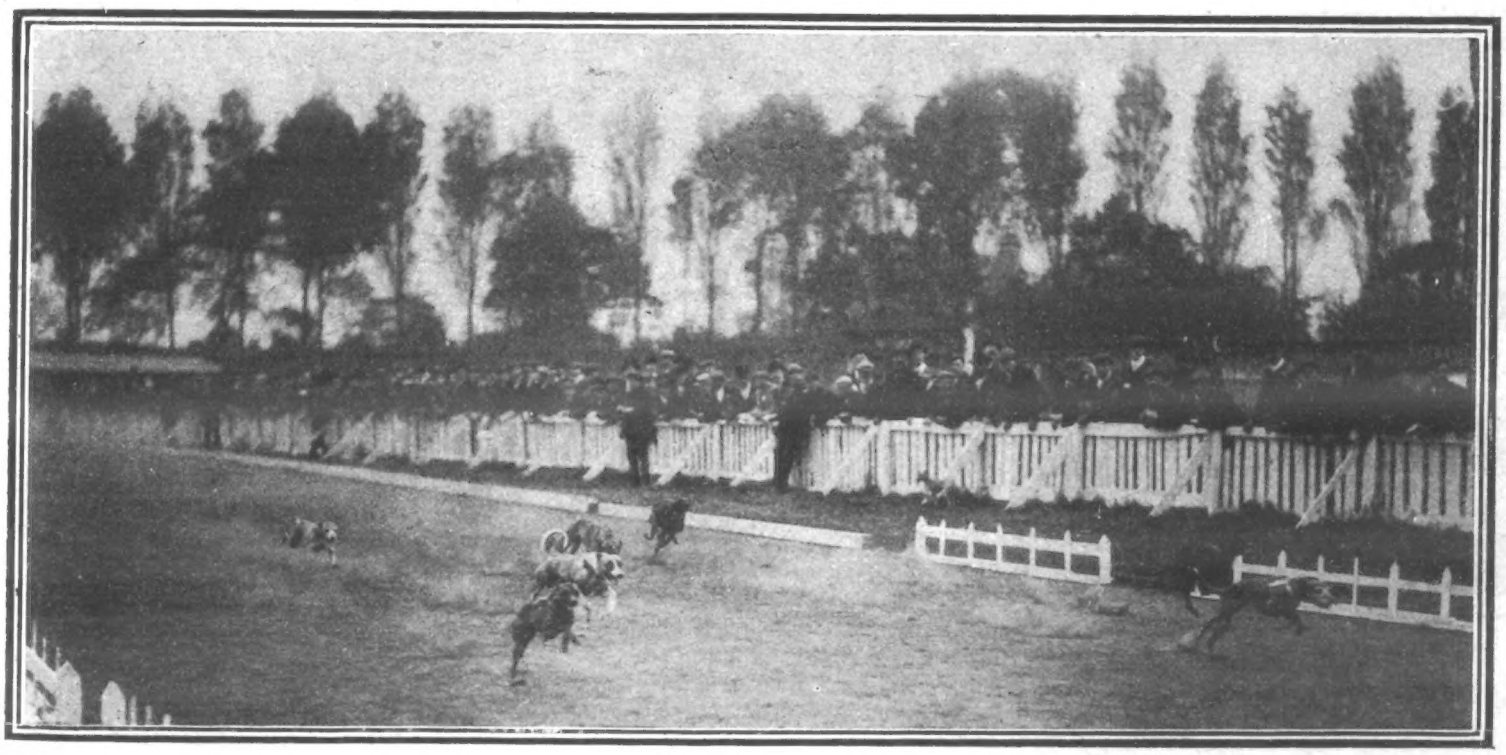
CHELSEA v. MANCHESTER UNITED.

Chelsea hard pressed. The home team lost to Manchester by four goals to one.

SWINDON v. TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR.

Manning saves a stinging shot. Swindon won by the only goal scored.

DOG DERBIES AND HANDICAPS.



The turf is not the only racing in England, leaving foot and cycle racing out of the question, for many are the handicaps in which dogs are the chief actors, and as much interest is taken in the races by the partisans of the sport as in the horse-racing with which so many of our papers are full. Our photographs illustrate this dog-racing (usually confined to whippets) remarkably accurately. No. 1 shows a number of dogs on their handicap marks ready for the start. 2. The dogs in full cry, nearing the post. 3. The finish. Note the owners urging their dogs on with towels. The animals jump at these, are swung round, and so stopped.

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL SKIN SUFFERERS

Are *you* suffering from eczema, either acute, chronic, scaly, dry, or moist? Have *you* psoriasis, or is one of *your* children suffering from ringworm or nettlerash? Have *you* a bad leg, a breaking-out on back or chest, or any other annoying or worrying skin ailment? Are *you* either tortured, disfigured, or humiliated by any skin illness whatever? If so, you need not be miserable one hour longer. You can be put right at once. "Antexema" never fails to give immediate relief, even if the sufferer is so terribly irritated, both day and night, as to be unable to either sit, lie, or stand with comfort. Not only is instant relief obtained, but the moment you commence using "Antexema" you stop the

For all breakings-out and rashes "Antexema" is invaluable.

further progress of your skin trouble, and start on the road to a complete and permanent cure.

Every statement made as to the merits of "Antexema" is supported by a great mass of evidence. Thousands of letters have been received from people in every class of society from all over the world, telling the story of some extraordinary cure worked by "Antexema." These letters tell of cures of every variety of skin ailment you can imagine, affecting every part of the body, and those cured include every stage of life from babyhood to old age.

"Antexema" is not a Greasy Ointment

but a milky-looking antiseptic liquid possessing marvellous soothing, cooling, curing, and healing properties. As soon as it is gently applied to the bad place the healing qualities are absorbed, and an invisible artificial skin is formed over the affected part, which is thus effectually protected from dust, dirt, and germs of lock-jaw or other diseases, or anything that can hinder the healing process.

Everyone interested in the skin and its health should read our well-known handbook on Skin Troubles, which contains a great mass of accurate and highly important information. It shows not only how to cure skin ailments, but the way to keep cured

Nurses know that "Antexema" is a certain cure for all skin ailments.

afterwards. Amongst the complaints referred to are Acne, Babies' Skin Troubles, Bad Complexions, Barbers' Rash, Blackheads, Blotches, Burns, and Scalds; Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable Skin; Skin Troubles affecting the Ears, Eyes, Feet, Hands, and Scalp; Eczema (chronic and acute), Eczema of the Legs, Facial Blemishes, Gouty Eczema, Leg Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Nettlerash, Pimples, Prickly Heat, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Shingles, and Ulcers.

For all these skin complaints the one completely successful treatment is the "Antexema" treatment, and you are invited to commence it to-day, as it will certainly cure you.

Try "Antexema" at our Expense.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.; or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. "Antexema" can be obtained of Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, S. Africa, India, and all British Dominions. Fill in coupon or write mentioning P.I.P., and enclosing three penny stamps for a copy of our interesting handbook, "Skin Troubles," and with it we will send you a generous Free Trial of "Antexema" and "Antexema Granules," the famous blood purifier. Send to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W., immediately you read this.

ANTEXEMA
Quickly Relieves and Rapidly Cures

COUPON.

Name_____

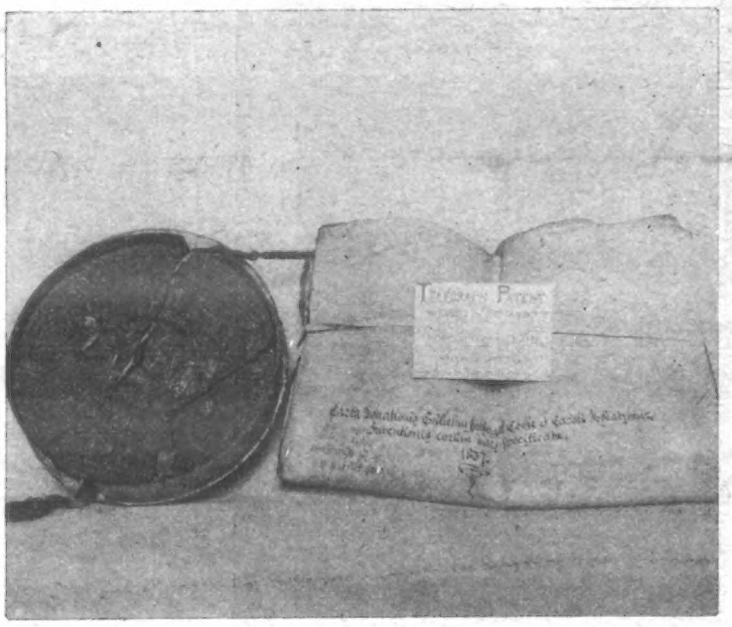
Address_____

P.I.P., 5/10/07.

PICTURES & PEOPLE of INTEREST

PARSON PARKES.
The Epsom Trainer (in the White Hat) of Race-Horses, who was formerly a Clergyman.

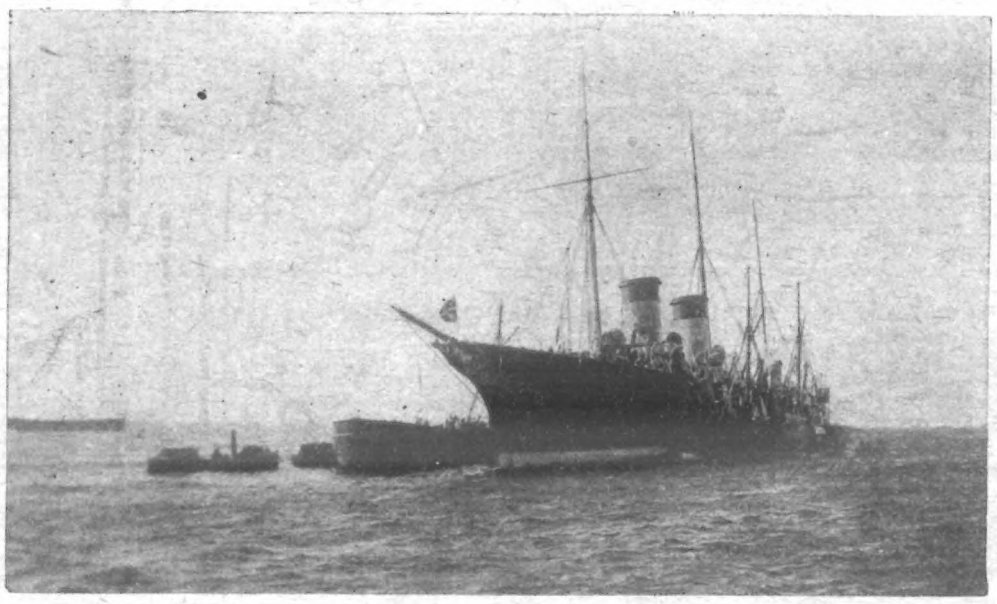
MILK BY MACHINERY.
A Novel Automatic Machine for Supplying Milk.



A PREHISTORIC PATENT!
The Letters Patent of the Telegraph, granted 1837.

COUNTESS ROSSLYN, who is to make her reappearance on the Stage.

PAMPERED PETS.
An absurd Dress invented for a Motoring Dog.



THE "STANDART,"
On the Rocks with the Tsar and his Family on Board.

REVELLERS IN REFUSE

The refuse that is shot by the authorities in special waste-lands is by no means without its money value, and there is quite a little army of men and boys who make a living out of it. 1. A group of boys who are already experts, and know the value of every scrap of "rubbish." 2. An old hand whose speciality seems to be tin cans and iron-ware. 3. A find of eggs. Note the coy and doubting expression of the boy who is being shown one of the eggs. 4. Saving tit-bits from the flames. 5. No time is lost by the revellers in rags, and they are at work on the heaps of refuse the moment they are dumped on to the ground.—[*Photos. Illus. Bureau*].

HUMOUR OF THE WEEK.

As a Precaution.

Mother: "Johnny, where have you been? You hair is suspiciously wet, and school was over two hours ago."

Johnny: "I fell into the river."

"But your clothes are not wet."

"Well, you see, while I was standin' on the bridge I thought maybe I'd fall in, so I took off my clothes, an' I did."

Advised.

A clergyman of high standing, riding a new bicycle, found himself a long way from home and wanting water for his acetylene lamp. He rode on in momentary dread of the village constable, till at last he saw a labourer, who knew him slightly, standing at the door of his cottage.

"Thompson," he said, "would you be so kind as to give me some water for my lamp?"

"Water?" repeated the man. "I suppose you mean oil, Sir?"

"No, I don't, Thompson; I want water."

The man looked searchingly at the reverend gentleman for a moment.

"Take my advice, Sir, and get along 'ome," he said impressively. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself—and you the parson, too!"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Otto's Auto.

Tis passing strange how fashions change
in things that men admire;
Our muse that sang the tireless steed
now sings the steedless tyre.
Friend Otto got an auto so as not to
seem antique,
But the thing was autocratic just as
much as automatic,
And that auto wouldn't auto as it ought
to, so to speak.

He sought an auto-operator who should
make it work;
A circus man at first he tried, and then
he tried a Turk.
For he knew the circus man drove fifty
horses with success,
"And if a man be shifty," reasoned he,
"to manage fifty,
Tis manifest that he's the man to manage one horseless!

"The Turk, p'r'aps," pondered Otto,
"being born an Ottoman,
Ought to awe this awkward auto on the
Oriental plan."
'Twas all in vain. So off he went to
Alabama, merely
That he might say, "I'm Otto of
Mobile, and my motto—
'A Mobile Otto's sure to tame an automobile, clearly.'"

There Otto wrought to auto on that auto
as he ought to;
But the auto sought to auto as Otto
never thought to.
And Otto fought the auto, and the auto
it fought Otto,
Till the naughty auto got too hot to
"aut" or to be taught to;
And while the air was fraught with
Otto's oaths (not *voce sotto*),
The auto shot to heaven with a haughty
sort of snort, oh!
Where Otto steers his auto now, an
austere aeronauto.—*Tit-Bits.*

He Scored.

An Irish lawyer, noted for his wit, was engaged by a lady to defend an action her husband was bringing for judicial separation.

While cross-examining the plaintiff he asked—

"You wish to leave this woman because she drinks?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That 's my business!"—angrily.

Whereupon the unmoved lawyer quietly asked him—

"Have you any other business?"

The Best He Could Do.

It was his first circuit, and, moreover, he had to defend his first client, who was a better-known than respected burglar. In an interval he approached a veteran member of the Bar and sought for advice.

"And how long do you think I ought to make my speech to the jury, Sir?" he finished up.

"I should say about an hour," said the old hand.

"An hour! Why, I thought ten minutes would be ample. Why so long?"

"Well," said his adviser, "you see, they can't sentence him till you're finished, and the longer you talk the longer he 'll be out of jail!"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Just His Case.

A man who was famous for never paying his bills owed a considerable sum to his tailor. Sending bills had had no effect upon the debtor, so the tailor decided to make a personal attempt to collect the amount. He called several times upon the delinquent, but was never able to catch him. Finally he succeeded, just as he was going out, and accosted him with the modest inquiry—

"Will you pay me this bill, Sir?"

The man looked at it for a moment, and then said innocently—

"Did you ever owe anybody anything?"

"No, Sir," replied the tailor.

"Then you can afford to wait," said the waggish debtor, and off he walked.

The tailor again made several attempts, and at last was successful in cornering the man a second time.

The debtor looked very solemn, and said: "Are you in debt to anyone?"

Not to be caught this time, the tailor replied—

"Yes, Sir; I am sorry I am."

"And why don't you pay?"

"Because I haven't got the money," said the tailor, with a significant look.

"That 's just my case exactly, my dear Sir," replied the debtor. "I am glad that you can appreciate my position. Good morning!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Why It was Wanted.

A young man stopped another in the street and asked of him—

"I say, Johnson, have you got that umbrella I lent you?"

"No," was the reply. "Are you wanting it?"

"Not exactly," answered the first speaker; "but the chap I borrowed it off says the owner wants it."

"Fare, Please!"

The conductor of the tram-car approached two well-dressed young ladies, and remarked politely—

"Fare, please."

First Young Lady (hastily): "Let me pay it."

Second Young Lady (opening handbag, and beginning to take out handkerchief, small parcel, gloves and keys: "Not for worlds! I have some change. And you paid it last, you know."

"I'm sure I didn't. It was you, don't you remember? The reason I know is because we were going to Lottie's tea-party."

"Oh, yes, and I wore my pink frock. But that wasn't the last time we went out together. We were going to the matinée, and I'm sure you paid the fare."

"Well, it doesn't make any difference. I 'll just pay it again."

Conductor (wearily): "Fare, ladies."

Second Young Lady (indignantly): "It does make a difference. Do you think I am going to let you pay my fare everywhere we go?"

First Young Lady: "Don't be silly. Here, I have it."

"Agnes, I shall be downright angry with you in a moment. I shall pay the fare."

Conductor: "I don't care who pays it, but I don't want to stand here all day."

First Young Lady (with dignity): "You are very rude. My uncle is one of the directors of the company, and I shall report your behaviour to him. Here, take this money. I 'm sure you only had to wait a second or two."

Second Young Lady: "Isn't it awful, the impertinence of these people?"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Wanted, a Station-Master.

"Look here," said a gentleman to a railway station-master, "don't you think that thing is rather dangerous where——"

"Ah," interrupted the official addressed, who had just been promoted, "you 've noticed that barrow, have you, Sir? You 're going to make a suggestion about the place where it ought to stand, I suppose? Might I go on, Sir, and ask your opinion about the position of the booking-office? Do you think that the signal-box is in the right place? Shouldn't the station-master's house be shifted a few yards farther west? Any opinion you would like to express, Sir, shall have immediate attention."

The traveller turned away, and the station-master turned round triumphantly to the guard of a train waiting in the siding.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Did you see the sport I had with that old nuisance? I soon shut him up."

"I 'm not so sure of that," replied the guard. "He 's the traffic manager."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Making It Up.

For six years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and the Robinsons, next-door neighbours. The trouble had originated through the depredations of Brown's cat, and had grown so fixed an affair, that neither party ever dreamt of "making up."

One day, however, Brown sent his servant next door with a peacemaking note for Mr. Robinson, which read—"Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Robinson, and begs to say that his old cat died this morning."

Robinson's written reply was bitter—"Mr. Robinson is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill!"—*Penny Magazine.*

Asking Too Much.

Belonging to a certain Yeomanry regiment was a youth of very small stature, who, to make himself look as imposing as the rest, had a very tall horse. It was well known that Private Robinson could not mount unassisted, so there was great amusement when one day they heard the order—

"Private Robinson, dismount."

Private Robinson gave no sign.

Again the order was given, with a like result. A third time the captain gave the order: "Private Robinson, dismount." But the little private, losing patience at last, roared out—

"Don't be silly, Captain; you know I can't get on again!"—*Chums.*

For Choice.

A well-known conjurer had a rather ambiguous compliment paid to him recently. He had been staying several weeks in a provincial town, in which place he had given three or four entertainments. Having an occasion to pay a grocer a bill for a few pounds, the conjurer sent him a cheque for the amount.

The worthy grocer returned the cheque, saying he would prefer solid cash. The wizard, indignant, went himself to the shop, and asked what the grocer meant by insulting him in such a manner.

"Look here, Sir," bluntly said the grocer, "I seed you last night a-dodgin' and a-spiritin' away several articles on the platform when you was performin'; and who knows but that cheque for four pounds may not be a spirit dodged into two pounds afore it 's cashed? I prefers gold if it 's all the same to you, Sir."

A DELICATE QUESTION OF ETIQUETTE.

THE POLITE BURGLAR: Now ought I to go in as tradesman or am I a visitor?

The Electric Cure is Popular.

As Pleasant as it is Effective.

It is grand to put on an electric battery while lying down resting, and feel its exhilarating influence in every nerve and muscle. There is no inconvenience attached to it in any way. One hour's daily application is sufficient. There is not the slightest shock or irritation, but a gentle, soothing warmth that goes direct to the nerve centres. That kind of electricity cures, and the cure it gives is permanent.

People will sometimes try an ordinary battery (made no doubt for commercial purposes), or a shocking current, which irritates the nerves, and conclude that electricity is not suitable. It will not do any good in that form. The current must be given without shock—without irritation of any kind—and in this way the very weakest individuals can be built up.

No person is too weak to use electricity. In such cases a longer building-up process is required. But the results are just as certain as water is to extinguish a fire, when applied in sufficient quantities. If a proper battery is used it is possible to apply a very strong current, free from all inconveniences.

How much more pleasant it is to be cured in this way, while resting, than to be pouring medicine into the poor, weakened stomach until it is impossible to do without it. This drug habit grows on one like the whisky habit; and no wonder, as alcohol forms the chief ingredient of many preparations. It is simply adding more poison to the weakened organs. Why not stop it?

Rheumatic sufferers—those crippled with Lumbago, Sciatica, or Gout; the victim of weakened stomach, kidneys, liver, bowels, or bladder; the person with the shattered nervous system, and suffering from Paralysis, Epilepsy, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Neuralgia, or heart trouble—should seek a restoration of health in the electric cure. Don't say "it might not do me any good." It will do you good if you resort to the right means. It will cure you.

There is a book for free distribution among all readers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* which covers this subject fully. You should not be without it if you are not in possession of perfect health. It tells the cause of weakness and disease, and how a cure can be had. It describes the most successful remedy known, the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery. The history of many cases is sent with the book. It costs you nothing to get it.

Write at once to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 52), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and you will receive by return post the most valuable book ever published on the subject. It is sent in a plain, sealed envelope. If near enough to call, please come and test the power of electricity, free.

In Its Place.

The widow of a German officer presented herself at the office in Berlin for the purpose of drawing the pension due to her. She handed in the necessary certificate from the mayor of the village in which she lived, to the effect that she was still alive.

"This certificate is not correct," said the official in charge.

"What is the matter with it?" asked the lady.

"It bears the date of October 21," was the stern reply, "and your pension was due on October 15."

"What kind of certificate do you wish?" asked the disappointed applicant.

"We must have a certificate stating that you were alive on the fifteenth of October," said the official, with great firmness."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

The Jeweller's Hint.

Jeweller: "You say that you want some name engraved on this ring?"

Young Man: "Yes; I want the words 'George, to his dearest Alice,' engraved on the inside of the ring."

"Is the young lady your sister?"

"No; she is the young lady to whom I am engaged."

"Well, if I were you, I would not have 'George, to his dearest Alice,' engraved on the ring. If Alice changes her mind, you can't use the ring again."

"What would you suggest?"

"I would suggest that the words be, 'George, to his first and only love.' You see, with that inscription you can use the ring half-a-dozen times. I have had experience in such matters myself."—*Tit-Bits.*

NOTICE.—***In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London, W.C.***

P.I.P. PLAYGOER.

"SINS OF SOCIETY" AT DRURY LANE: THE CHURCH SCENE.

The arrival of the bride at the church. Miss Constance Collier as Lady Marion Beaumont; Miss Adrienne Augarde as the bride, Lady Gwendolen Ashley; and Mr. Lyn Harding as Noel Ferrers.

IF it is true that excessive laughter produces immediate increase of weight, then a visit to The Follies at Terry's should surely suffice to make even a human skeleton a positive danger to all but the strongest of weighing machines, for from start to finish there is not a dull moment—you positively couldn't yawn if you tried—in their performance. "Hamlet," in particular, is excruciatingly mirth-provoking, and Messrs. Pellissier, Davenport, and Co are seen at their best, which is saying quite a lot. The single and double turns also deserve the highest commendation; to these the Misses Effie Cook and pretty Gwennie Mars contribute in their own inimitably sweet way; while the efforts of Norman Blumé, Dollis Brook, and H. G. Pellissier are, too, immensely successful. In fact, if you have a bad, humpy, "pippy" fit of the blues, I cannot imagine a more certain "dispeller" than a couple of hours with The Follies. Real, genuine, wholesome humour is all too rare these days, but there is not a single line uttered by Mr Pellissier and his merry friends to which offence could possibly be taken—musical-comedy purveyors, please note.

* *

Messrs. Smith and Carpenter still continue to do a roaring business with "The Christian," at the Lyceum, at which famous house we are to see a really first-class pantomime this Christmas in "Robinson Crusoe." The title-rôle, I learn, will be taken by Miss Dorothy Craske, who has appeared at the Empire in ballets innumerable with Mlle. Genée, while Miss Sybil Arundale is to be principal girl—and a very charming principal girl she should make too. The principal comedian, you will find, will be Mr. George Le Clerq; Espinosa, the famous chef-de-ballet, is to play the faithful Friday, and will, besides, superintend the dances. I hear that a special feature is to be made of dancing at the Lyceum this winter, and as the "book" is being written by Mr. Ernest Carpenter we may safely expect to see something really good.

* *

If we are to believe Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. W Gayer Mackay, and "Robert Ord," millionaires are to be genuinely pitied—at least, the latest plays of these gentlemen, in one way and another, paint the man with millions, and the woman, too, as the possessor of a number of genuine and formidable trials and troubles, which, however, most of us would probably not seriously object to sampling. "Barry Doyle's Rest Cure," at the Court Theatre, shows us still another millionaire who finds the burden of his colossal wealth too great to bear. In consequence, Barry Doyle changes places with his secretary, and betakes himself to Scotland for a "Rest Cure," where he wooes the daughter of a poverty-stricken Scotch Earl in the guise of a poor man. To be sure, this device is as old as the Tower of London, but, thanks to Mr. Graham Browne's clever study, Barry Doyle is quite a convincing character, while Mr. Arthur Holmes-Gore is also good as Jack Haverson, his secretary. Miss Carlotta Addison, Miss Beatrice Terry, and Miss Rose Musgrove take the only three ladies' parts in the play, and make the most of their chances, which are, unfortunately, none too great. Still, "Barry Doyle's Rest Cure," in its own unassuming way, will doubtless amuse quite a lot of people—if they are not too critical.

* *

Many popular actresses take the keenest interest in the Sport of Kings, and just at the present moment the Cesarewitch would seem to be occupying their serious attention. Anyway, when lunching at Odenmino's the other day, I met a whole bevy of beautiful ladies, who gratuitously presented me with a number of tips on this popular handicap. [That luncheon will probably prove an expensive one.—ED.] Thus, Miss Zena Dare was kind enough to tell me that "a little bird had whispered" that Wuffy was a good thing for the Cesarewitch; Miss Claire Rickards, who is now playing in "The Gay Gordons," fancies Royal Dream; Miss Hilda Hammerton, who so narrowly escaped drowning recently, told me, while discussing a grilled sole, that a certain famous actor-manager had impressed upon her the importance of "throwing away a trifle" on Detection; while Miss Phyllis Dare informed me that the only way to make money at racing was to back the favourite. All this valuable "information" readers of the *P.I.P.* are welcome to—there is no extra charge.

I looked in at the Empire the other night for an hour or so, and found that two distinctly clever turns had been added to the already strong programme there. To wit, Mr. Arthur Playfair is particularly funny in a racing sketch, "327, Finsbury"; while Miss Betty Ohls, a dainty little lady with a voice like a bird and a manner like Yvette Guilbert, sings some charming French and English songs. Miss Betty Ohls will make a name for herself—sure.

* *

Music-hall habitués will sadly miss Marie Lloyd during her American tour, for which, I may say, she is receiving a weekly salary which positively makes one's mouth water. But Miss Lloyd, although few people are aware of the fact, had to work most appallingly hard to obtain recognition, and only a couple of evenings before she sailed for New York she was telling me of the frantic delight she felt when the late Sir Augustus Harris offered her an engagement at Drury Lane.

* *

This is how Miss Lloyd described her experience: "The great impresario had heard me sing 'Wink the Other Eye' at one of the annual dinners of the Music Hall Benevolent Fund," she told me, "and he promptly approached me for his forthcoming production at 'The Lane.' 'I want you to come to Drury Lane at Christmas,' he said. Naturally enough I was intensely excited and flattered by the offer, but I am thankful to say that I was actress enough not to allow my excitement to betray itself. 'To Drury Lane?' I replied, wondering the while, pretending to be wrapped in thought. 'Do you mean the Middlesex Music Hall?' 'No,' replied the astonished Sir Augustus, 'I mean Drury Lane Theatre.' 'I don't think I know it,' I said, puckering my brows. 'Not know it!' cried the manager, not a little bit enraged, 'you must know it. It's the large building at the top of the Lane, with the soldiers and the sentry-boxes outside.' 'Oh, is that a theatre?' I inquired, pretending to be intensely astonished, 'I always thought it was a barracks.'"

THE PROMPTER.

LONDON LIKES TO LAUGH.

A good comedy will almost always prove more successful than any other kind of play, and even a fair comedy may score a great success if the leading part is played by a clever comedian. Two cases in point are "The Earl of Pawtucket," at the Playhouse, and "When Knights Were Bold," at Wyndham's. Neither of these plays could be called great, yet the clever acting of Mr. Cyril Maude and Mr. James Welch respectively have made them great successes. London likes to laugh; these two clever actors make them laugh—laugh heartily—and it pays.

Plays may sometimes make actors, but how often do the actors "make" the plays!

"SINS OF SOCIETY" AT DRURY LANE: THE SENSATIONAL WEIR SCENE.

The hero, Sir Dorian March (Mr. Julian L'Estrange), swims to the bridge; the detectives who have attempted to arrest him are seen on the right.

THE MYSTERY OF A MOTOR-CAB.

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Black Patch," "Jonah's Luck," "The Yellow Hunchback," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI *(continued)*.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

WHILE Lady Cobbin was thinking thus, a knock came to the outer door. She hastily put the letter in her safe and went to see who was calling. Scarcely had she opened the door when Sir Samuel Embers entered in an angry mood. His face was red and his eyes were flashing. He seemed to control his temper—what was left of it—with difficulty, and could scarcely speak intelligibly.

"Is it true—that—that Mendle is engaged to Belinda?" he asked hurriedly.

"Who told you?" demanded Lady Cobbin.

"Miss Lane. After seeing you I drove to Clement Street and asked her why she had given me away."

"How did she give you away?"

"She told you that I was at the top of Shore Lane. I did not want that to be known."

"Ah! you are afraid."

"No, I am not," protested Embers heatedly. "I have nothing to do with the murder. Arthur said that he wanted the cab in order to drive Mendle home and have a talk with him. So I went away, and he promised, after he had taken Mendle home to Kensington, to drive the cab back to the garage. I left Arthur with the cab at the top of Shore Lane."

Lady Cobbin looked at him sharply, but it was so dark that she could not see his face very plainly. They were still standing at the outer door, and she asked him to come inside. He refused to come.

"You'll only ask a lot of silly questions," he said impatiently. "Goo' Chris'fer! D'y think I've time to talk? What I want to know is, if that beastly Mendle is to marry Belinda."

"Yes," said Lady Cobbin promptly. "And I want to know——"

"If I killed Arthur," burst out Embers rudely. "I didn't. I had nothing to do with the matter. Paddy knows."

"And you know where Paddy is to be found."

"I? Who says that?"

"Mr. Mendle suggests——"

"Oh, hang him and his suggestion!" cried Embers with great anger. "I expect he's trying to hang me for Arthur's murder. As if I knew anything about it!"

"But if you took Paddy away and——"

"I didn't take him away. And I'm going to hunt him up, if I have to take a lifetime in doing so. He knows who killed Arthur, and I want to learn the truth."

"Why do you?"

"Because Belinda will perhaps marry me if I do."

Lady Cobbin laughed. "I don't think that she cared so much for her selfish brother as to do that. If she marries anyone, she will become the wife of Dr. Darton. But, if you are innocent——"

"Innocent? Of course I am! I never heard such rubbish in asking me such a silly question. Goo' Chris'fer, what bosh! It seems to me that I'll have to find Paddy O'Toole for my own sake, as well as for that of Miss Gerson. And I'm going to marry her. She's a pretty girl, and she has money."

"How unselfish," said Milady ironically. "But Mendle——"

"Oh, the deuce take Mendle! He's a beastly little shrimp. Goo' ni'." He stepped down the stairs, and called back, "When you next see me, that boy will be with me, and then the truth will be told."

Lady Cobbin came out on to the landing to detain him if possible, but he rushed away in a hurry, still bubbling over with anger at the thought that Belinda Gerson and her fortune were slipping out of his hands. Milady returned to her office, locked it up, and went away home, wondering all the way if he was really guilty. She began to think that he was not, seeing how anxious he was to produce the boy who knew the whole truth. Certainly the excuse he had given about lending the cab to the dead man was weak. Arthur could easily have engaged Embers to drive the cab, and could have sat inside with Mendle to talk over business. There seemed to be something wholly wrong about the matter. But Lady Cobbin's head was aching by this time, as the more she thought the more confused she grew. All she held on to was the thought that within forty-eight hours, more or less, the truth might be revealed in Darton's consulting-room.

Next day the advertisement duly appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, and late in the afternoon the Doctor received a wire which intimated that the sender of the letter would be at the appointed place. This wire was also sent from Central London, and Lady Cobbin passed the rest of the day and the whole of the night in wondering who had sent it. Embers was apparently innocent, as he was not sufficiently clever to hide the truth, presuming that he was the guilty person. Mrs. O'Toole certainly might have done so, but that was quite uncertain. Mendle was innocent, and so was Belinda and her half-sister, while the wire having come to Darton himself put him out of the category of possible culprits. There only remained Parley, and, on the authority of the tricoloured scarf, Lady Cobbin began to believe that the old clerk was the assassin. But she said nothing of this to anyone, as she was quite tired of advancing theories. They all seemed to prove futile.

At a quarter to eleven next morning Lady Cobbin went to Elder Square and presented herself before the Doctor. After a short conversation, she suggested that she should be hidden behind the folding doors which parted the consulting-room from the waiting-room; but this Darton did not approve of.

"I don't like doing underhand things," he said.

"But you must be wise," she urged. "Whoever is coming with a knowledge of the assassin's name will probably know me as I have been so mixed up in the matter. This person will not speak freely if I am in the room. Better let me hide behind those curtains, and when it is necessary I can appear."

Finally, Darton gave way and opened the folding doors slightly. These were draped with heavy rep curtains, so Lady Cobbin concealed herself behind these, seated on a chair, and could both hear and see what was going on. Also she obtained from her hiding-place an excellent view of the door.

Just as eleven struck, a ring came to the outer door. Shortly the maid-servant showed in the visitor. The door of the consulting-room opened, and then both Lady Cobbin and the Doctor were amazed.

On the threshold stood Belinda Gerson.

"Oh, Wilfred!" she threw her arms about him with a cry of sorrow, "give me the five hundred pounds and let me give them to the person who trusted me."

CHAPTER XXII.

DR. DARTON'S SECRET.

"YOU are surprised to see me," said Belinda, entering the room, as the maid closed the door behind her. She looked extremely pale and was dressed in mourning for her brother.

"Considering that you have broken your engagement with me to marry Mr. Mendle, I am," said the Doctor bitterly.

"I can explain that. Meanwhile"—

"Meanwhile," broke in Darton coldly, "I must ask you to postpone your explanation, as I am expecting a visitor."

"In answer to your advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*:"

The Doctor took a step forward, both startled and amazed. "Do you know about that?" he gasped, staring at her.

"Yes! Because"—she hesitated—"I am the visitor."

"Belinda!" he stared harder than ever. "Did you write that letter?"

She seemed to be well aware of what he referred to. "No!" she said curtly.

"Then if you did not——"

Belinda stopped him. "I know who wrote the letter, and I have come here in place of the writer."

"Do you mean to say that you know who murdered your brother," cried Darton indignantly, "and are trying to shield him?"

"I say nothing, because I have promised to hold my tongue."

"But this man——"

"I did not say that the writer was a man."

"A woman?" asked the Doctor; then as she did not reply, he continued hastily, "I understand. It is Harriet Lane, who——"

"I said nothing about Harriet."

"I infer from your hint that the assassin is a woman; that"——

Belinda interposed again. "Pardon me, I never said that the assassin was a woman. I say nothing. I deny your right to ask me any questions. All I have to do is to give you certain papers in return for five hundred pounds, and——"

"You have read the papers," interrupted Darton, hastily.

"No," she replied proudly. "I have not read them, as I understood from the person referred to that they contained private matters which you did not wish known."

"I have no wish to keep them secret, now," said the Doctor in a low voice. "You can read them if you chose."

"I have not the right—now."

"Why not?"

"I am engaged to Lewis."

It was not Darton who replied to this remark.

"And you are shielding Mr. Mendle," said Lady Cobbin and appeared from behind the curtain.

"You!" Belinda's eyes grew angry, and after a disdainful look at the inquiry agent, she turned to look reproachfully at the Doctor. "So you are willing to set a spy on me," she said, with emotion.

"That is not true," he rejoined spiritedly. "I did not know that you were coming to see me. Lady Cobbin——"

"Milady, the spy," said Belinda, cruelly.

"Quite right," struck in the older woman, although her cheeks flushed at the pointed contempt. "I am here in my official capacity. Dr. Darton has engaged me, since Mr. Mendle has given me my discharge."

"And why?" demanded Belinda, still disdainfully.

"You ask that? Can you not guess? Don't you understand that this man," Lady Cobbin indicated the Doctor, "still loves you, and is not prepared to accept your sacrifice? He wishes me to discover the truth about this murder, so that you may be saved from a marriage with Mr. Mendle. When the anonymous letter came he asked me to come here; but it was my suggestion that I should hide. Had anyone save yourself, Miss Gerson, appeared, I should have remained in hiding so as to learn the truth. But, for my own sake, for the sake of Dr. Darton, I have revealed my presence. You are prejudiced against me because of my calling. But am I worse than you, Miss Gerson, who believe the man who loves you to be a murderer?"

"I do not believe it," flashed out Belinda furiously.

"Then why did you engage yourself to Mr. Mendle?"

"Because Lewis swore that Wilfred was guilty, and threatened to denounce him. I hate Lewis, because he has tricked me into an engagement, and I love Wilfred still."

"Belinda, you really love me?" cried the Doctor.

"What further proof do you require?" she asked furiously. "Am I not content to marry a man I detest because I can save you in no other way? Oh, Wilfred, how badly you have treated me! Had you only shown me those papers which Arthur stole, and which caused his death, there would have been no crime committed."

"Perhaps not," answered Darton gloomily. "But I was ashamed to show you the papers."

"Why should you be? There is nothing in those papers, or in the world, which would make me turn my back on you. Trust me all in all, or not at all. If you can be saved, in spite of Lewis, I am willing to come back to you. I am quite within my rights to break an engagement with Lewis, if he has tricked me."

THE REVIEW OF THE ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS IN HYDE PARK LAST SATURDAY.

—"And he *has* tricked you," cried Lady Cobbin earnestly. "Dr. Darton is perfectly innocent, and——"

"I don't need you to assure me of that" cried Belinda proudly, "all through these dreadful weeks I have believed in Wilfred's innocence, but I agreed to marry Lewis, because I could see no other way in which to save the man I loved."

"The man you loved?"

"The man I still love. Only prove to me that Lewis can do him no harm and——" Belinda flung out her arms.

In another second Darton had folded her to his breast. "I am safe from Mendle," he said rapidly; "his malice cannot hurt me in any way. There is no need that you should sacrifice yourself for me. But I now see how much you love me. But I thought that you believed me to be guilty——"

"I never did,—I never did."

"I know that, now, and so I ask you to come back to me."

Belinda smiled through her tears. "It seems to me that I have come back."

"You will never leave me again?"

"Never! Never! Never," and she clung to him as a child to its mother. Wilfred raised her face and pressed a long kiss on her lips. Lady Cobbin did wince at that, in spite of her valiant renunciation. The sight of these two clinging together made her feel the loneliness of her life to a painful extent. However, she had made up her mind to accept the inevitable, and advanced with a wry smile on her lips.

"And I hope, Miss Gerson," she said quietly, "that you will accept me as a friend, as you have accepted Dr. Darton as a husband."

Belinda disengaged herself and looked irresolutely at the woman's strong calm face. "You seem to be good." she faltered.

"She *is* good," cried Darton heartily, "she is a true friend to us both, Belinda. And in her hands lies the chance of proving my innocence to the world by discovering the assassin of Arthur."

"But I know that you are innocent," Belinda assured him.

"So does Mendle. All the same, he will do his best to prove that I am guilty, unless the true murderer can be found."

"Then there is still danger?"

"No," broke in Lady Cobbin resolutely. "Dr. Darton can prove an alibi. He was attending to a patient in Charing Cross Road when your brother was murdered in the City. Even Mr. Mendle's malice cannot prove that Dr. Darton is guilty."

"Then I need not marry Lewis."

"You shall marry me," whispered Darton fervently, "and Lady Cobbin will rob Mendle of his sting."

"If Miss Gerson will accept me as a friend," said the inquiry agent.

Belinda came impulsively towards her and took her hand. "I do! I do! I really do!" she said quickly; "and you must forgive me that I feared you. But I thought that Lewis had engaged you to discover the truth, and I fancied that you were Wilfred's enemy."

"She is my best friend," said the Doctor.

Lady Cobbin looked at him gratefully. "I shall try and prove myself to be so," was her reply, delivered with emotion. "And you, Miss Gerson, I believe in you. I trust you. I am your friend also."

"In that case we may as well get to business. These papers——"

Belinda took a packet out of her pocket and handed it to her lover. "There they are," she said. "As to the five hundred——"

"Who wants that money?" demanded Lady Cobbin.

Belinda hesitated. "I promised not to tell."

"You must tell. The person who owns those papers killed Arthur."

"I can't believe that."

"Then how did the person become possessed of them?"

"He did not explain."

"Ah." Lady Cobbin looked triumphant. "Then it is a man."

"Oh, don't ask me—don't ask me." Belinda looked distressed.

"Later will do," said Darton, humouring her.

Belinda's face brightened. "I believed that Lewis could harm you," she said rapidly, "and so I was prepared to marry him. Later a person came to me—came to the house to see Harriet, who—why do you start?" she asked as Lady Cobbin rose from her chair.

"Nothing! nothing," answered the inquiry agent quickly. She was really recalling how Sir Samuel had gone to Clement Street to reproach Harriet for betraying him, and wondered if he had given the papers to Belinda.

The girl cast a look of wonder on her and continued. "The person—I can't tell you his name, as yet—explained to me that he had become possessed of certain papers which were wanted by the police, as being connected with the murder. They belonged to you Wilfred, he said, and he declared that he had written, saying that they would be returned for five hundred pounds. As the person was afraid to keep the appointment himself lest the police should be here, he asked me to come and get the money. I accepted because the person tell me that if I did not, you Wilfred, would be arrested on his information, as having murdered Arthur. I had sacrificed myself before to save you, so I did so again by bringing these papers to you Oh, Wilfred!" she threw her arms about him with a cry of sorrow, "give me the five hundred pounds and let me give them to the person who trusted me. If I tell you his name, or fail to bring the money, he will go to Inspector Hake."

(To be continued.)

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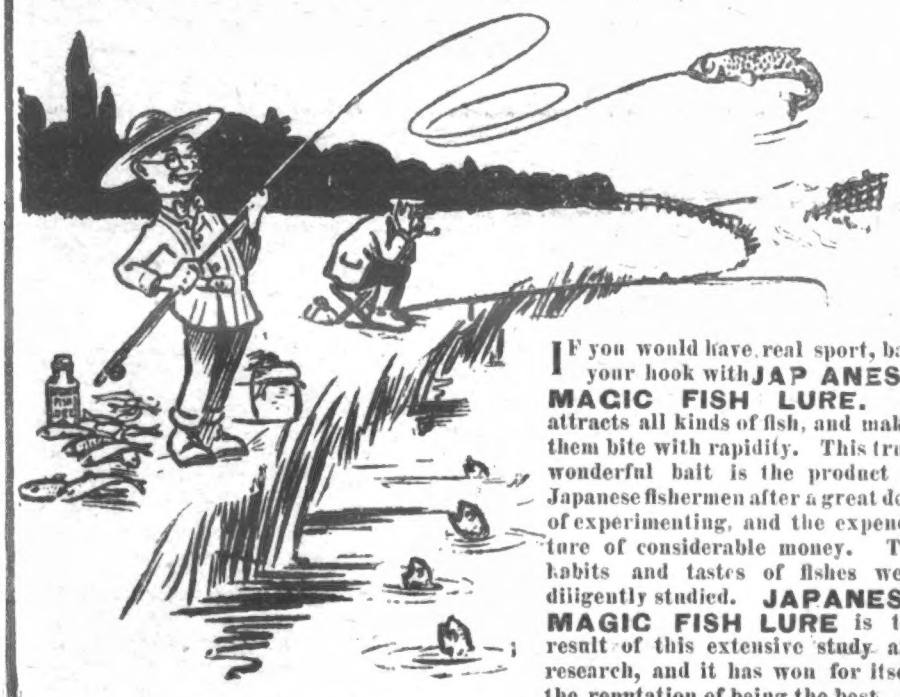

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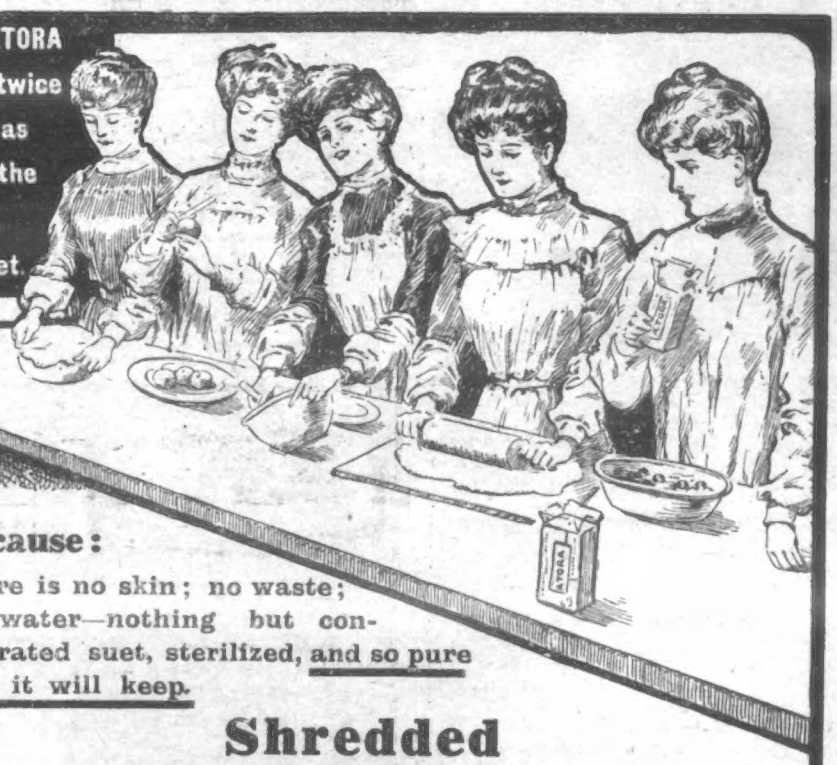

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

THE woman with a quiet taste in dress will be well pleased with the fashions in prospect for the coming season. Costumes all in one colour or in shades of the same colour will be accounted more chic than the most tasteful combination of colourings. Mole-colour, myrtle-green, and royal-blue are all delightful when exploited by the tailor-made costume, and the mandate of fashion can be obeyed in the former colour by a fur coat in mole or dyed squirrel, and brown skirt to match. Mole-skin is becoming alike to blonde and brunette, and lace and feathers make a charming addition. A lace blouse and a white-plumed hat can hardly fail to be successful when combined with a costume of this description.

Good Taste for Autumn.

There are few young mothers but experience a feeling akin to despair when the monthly nurse departs and they are left for the first time to cope with the task of washing and dressing a young baby. How often must the fervent wish have been expressed that baby's garments were simpler or baby of a more accommodating turn of mind when the question of its toilette is being discussed! After the first few weeks, a warm flannel night-shirt cut with the sleeves all in one piece, and fastening with buttons down the front, after the fashion of a man's overcoat, will be found a great relief to the white night-gown and long flannel, or even to the long flannel alone. There being no arm-holes and the little flannel coat opening all the way down the front, instead of having to be slipped over the head, it will be found comparatively easy to insinuate the most troublesome baby into it. The little coat can easily be cut out and made at home, and a very fair paper pattern for it may be obtained by laying a small frock on the table, with the sleeves outspread, upon a sheet of white paper. Trace with a pencil the outline of the frock, and then cut out. The piece of paper thus obtained will give the back piece for the coat, and, if cut in half, will form the two fronts. Linen buttons, not too small, are best to finish off with, and if the sleeves should be rather loose on the shoulders and at the wrists, this can be adjusted by pleats in each case. It is better to make all children's garments large rather than small, to allow for growing and also for shrinkage in the wash.

A Night-Dress for Baby.

For girls who paint on velvet, a pretty idea is to make a table-centre. Virginia creeper is an easy and effective pattern to start with, especially if a piece of velvet be obtained in a light yellowish tint, as this does for the groundwork of the leaves, and thus less painting is required, as then only the outline and shading of the leaves is necessary. When the whole of the painting has been accomplished, cut round the leaves with a sharp pair of scissors, the edges may be left raw, and the centre-piece is ready for the table. In conjunction with trails of Virginia creeper laid upon the tablecloth, red berries in small bubble glass vases, and a few fairy-lights, there could be no prettier or more suitable scheme of table-decoration for autumn.

Autumn Table Decoration.

Washing-up is usually considered one of the most important duties the young housewife or maid has to perform, but, unfortunately, when entrusted to a young servant, it is often done in a very perfunctory way. Nothing is more disagreeable than to be confronted with a dirty fork, plate, or cup, and therefore particular attention should be paid to have all table-appointments scrupulously clean.

How to Wash-Up.

A COAT AND SKIRT FOR THE SEASON.

One of the new semi-loose coats with open front is here shown. It is caught over the chest with big embroidered buttons, and is trimmed by heavy braiding, which is repeated on the skirt.

Washing-up need not be at all an unpleasant performance if carried out with due thought and a plentiful supply of hot water; also a clean cloth (the silk dish-cloths which I recently referred to on this page are excellent), and a tray on which the silver and cups, etc., too small for the rack, can be drained before being wiped dry. If the silver is well washed in hot water, thoroughly dried, and gone over with the rubber once a day, it obviates the necessity for frequent cleaning with plate powder. The knives and silver should be freed from grease with an old cloth, and washed in hot water with a little dry soap or soda in it, and the china may be washed in the same way. For the glass the bowl should be filled with cold water, and for the frying-pans, saucepans, etc., a small, hard, nail-brush kept in the sink will save much labour. At the end of the washing-up, the glass-cloth and dish-cloth should be rinsed through clean hot water and placed to dry ready for the next time. A soap-dish or rack should form part of the equipment for the sink, as soap will waste very much unless there is a proper receptacle handy for it.

Gilt frames which have lost their brilliance may be restored by rubbing over with half a fresh, juicy onion. This has the additional merit of keeping the flies away. First sponge the frame with a little tepid rain-water; then, after the onion is applied, it may be gently pressed over with a soft cloth (not rubbed) until the moisture has disappeared.

Use for an Onion.

A good cement for joining glass is made by melting a little isinglass in spirits of wine and adding a small quantity of water. Warm the mixture gently over a moderate fire. When mixed, by thoroughly melting, it will form a glue perfectly transparent, which will reunite the broken glass so nicely and firmly that the joining will scarcely be perceptible. Lime mixed with the white of an egg forms a very strong cement for glass, porcelain, etc., but it requires to be done neatly, for when hard the superfluous part cannot easily be smoothed down or removed.

Two Ways of Making Cement.

The Childrens Corner

The Discontented Princess.

By NELLIE POLLOCK.

THE Princess Roselle had lived in the lonely castle by the sea ever since she was a tiny, dark-haired mite of four, and now she was fourteen, so for ten long years she had resided with her old grandmother in the white marble palace on the shore of the beautiful bay. When the Princess was a dear, rosy-cheeked child of four, her mother had brought her from a far land over the sea to leave her in charge of her grandmother.

"Good-bye, my own little baby Princess," her mother had cried. "Soon I will come back for you; then we will wander over the shining seas together in a tiny golden boat." But she never returned to claim her baby, for that very night she was lost in a terrible storm at sea. So granny tried to console the lonely little girl as well as she could.

"Come and see the birds, dear, and listen to the wonderful stories they have to tell," the old granny would say, as Roselle sat silently in the corner, counting the stitches in her pretty silk stocking.

"No, I don't like the birds, granny; I want a girl-child to play with," Roselle would reply, and then wander off on to the rose-covered balcony and watch the tiny little boats gliding through the sun-kissed waters of the bay.

One morning the Princess awoke very early, and stole out into the sweet-scented morning air.

"Oh, how lovely the world is to-day!" she cried, lifting her sad little face up to the smiling heavens. "How I'd love to go out far—far over the seas to a land where girls and boys would play with me all day," she said wistfully, as the sunlight danced in and out the rose-covered terraces, and the beautiful, gaily plumed birds strutted to and fro on the shady walks.

Just then, a beautiful butterfly came flitting o'erhead, and Roselle darted after it, running lightly over the smooth grass until she came to the other side of the garden, and, in stretching out her hand to touch the butterfly, her arm touched a large rose which was peeping through a thick wall of creeper and laurel-bushes.

"Oh!" cried the Princess, a little smile of wonder creeping into her eyes, "I wonder what is beyond all that thick undergrowth and fern. I think I'll try and get through to the other side." So, going down on her hands and knees, the Princess managed to push herself through the clusters of ivy and green leaves.

"Oh, what a beautiful garden, and how sweet the roses smell," she cried, as she found herself in a long, green, lovely garden, nearly covered in roses.

"And what do I see gleaming through the bushes," she exclaimed joyfully, as she bounded to the end of the smooth, green lawn.

"A cat—a great, lovely, white stone cat," she cried, as she came up to a stone figure of a cat seated upon a pedestal. A nice, smiling cat it looked too, with its long tail neatly folded under its paws.

The huge cat gave one mighty leap and sprang into the air with the Princess.

"Oh, you sweet, nice-looking creature," cried the Princess, who felt very excited at her discovery. "How I wish you would take me right far away over the seas to a land full of boys and girls who would play with me all day long," she cried, and with a little cry of delight, she sprang up on to the white stone cat and jumped with glee.

"Come along, come along! Off we go!" she cried gaily as she stroked pussy's smooth, white coat; and no sooner had she spoken than the cat began to rock gently backwards and forwards, and, with a little thrill of terror, she caught it about the neck, when the next moment the cat gave a jerk, and with one mighty leap sprang up into the air, his white stone coat vanishing and leaving a big white, fluffy cat with pretty eyes and a soft, gentle purr.

Then Roselle forgot to be frightened, for, oh! it was simply delightful flying madly through the air. Gleaming, joyous roses crept into her cheeks and a smile of delight into her eyes, and no one would have recognised her as the lonely, pale-faced little Roselle.

Away, away, over meadows and fields and brooklets they went, sometimes so high up that the Princess felt as though she would knock her head against the sky.

"Dear, beautiful white cat!" she cried, laying her head down on its soft, fluffy shoulder, "take me far, far away to a nice, happy place where I shall see lots and lots of people," and she waved her hands in the air and laughed with glee as the sunbeams kissed her cheeks and the wind stole the ribbon from her hair and tossed the dark ringlets in the breeze.

"Heigho! heigho! I'm not the lonely Princess any more—I'm Queen of the Air," she cried with a laugh of delight, and onward they went over the tall treetops and through the fields and lanes and meadows, and the Princess felt quite contented to go on for ever and never stop. But presently they did stop, and Roselle saw to her joy that they were dropping gently into a field where there were groups of nut-brown children romping and playing together merrily. And as she lightly jumped off the cat's furry coat, they rushed to her and threw their arms around her, laughing for joy.

"It's a real Princess," they cried gleefully, "and she's come to play with us"; and they all romped together in the meadows till the sun went to rest. Then they fell to sleep by the babbling brooklet, while the white cat sat on the grass and purred with contentment.

Thus Roselle spent three happy days, but there came a day when she wearied of the peaceful hush of the woodland and the music of the children's laughter.

"I'm tired of it all, take me away," she cried, laying her head on the white cat's shoulder. "Take me away to a busy, bustling town, where the trains rush in and out the stations, and men and women hurry to and fro all day long." And she pressed her lips to his white, soft brow.

Once more she thrilled with delight as she climbed on to the white cat, and he bore her away swiftly through the air, while the rosy little children waved their hands to her and some cried with grief to lose their playmate.

Onward they went, over the trees and hills and vales till Roselle espied with delight little curling rings of smoke ascending to the sky.

"Oh, soon we'll be in the town!" she cried with delight. "Then I'll see the horses galloping along the busy streets, and the bright, pretty shops and the happy men and women. Oh, yes; I've never felt so happy in all my life!" she cried, as they drew nearer and nearer to the town.

Then she alighted when they reached the gates of the city, but directly she saw the crowds of people and the horses and carts flying through the dusty roads her eyes filled with fright.

"Oh, dear, kind friend, take me back to the peaceful woodland," she entreated, with tears in her eyes. "Look at those great rumbling engines and the rushing horses and the crowds of people. Oh, they will kill me! Take me back! take me back!" she cried, bursting into tears. "Please let me go back to the meadows, to the little children"; and she jumped on the white cat once more, but he didn't purr this time. He flew so quickly that she had to beg of him to stop; but he went faster and faster, and Roselle wondered where she was going.

At last he stopped when he reached her own White Marble Palace, at the mouth of the bay, and he jumped back on to his pedestal—his fine smooth fur vanishing and leaving him once more the white stone cat. So Roselle had to return once more to her lonely Palace, and though she has often begged of the white cat to take her to see the world once more he makes no movement whatever, and has never from that day had anything more to do with "The Discontented Princess."

'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

OCTOBER 5 to 11.—Times are busy now in the garden, and the lawn will probably receive its final clipping for the season this week. Then there are numberless dead leaves to gather up, and much tidying to be done to keep the summery appearance as long as possible. This week I am making a serious start planting bulbs; with the late season this has been my first opportunity of getting the beds clear. I am taking up carrots and beet this week in the kitchen garden, and I need not remind the reader, perhaps, that great care is needed with beet, for they lose value if made to bleed. Parsnips are far better after a frost or two, and you will be wise to let this crop remain as it is for a time. In taking up any root crop it is, of course, advisable to select as dry a day as possible. I wonder how many of you are going in for Madonna lilies this year—the ever popular *lilium candidum*. The bulbs cost very little, and increase so rapidly in the ground that after a few seasons large clumps are insured. This week I am going to plant some iris and peonies, and I do not think a better time could be selected. Digging is another item on the programme—good sound autumn digging of all vacant land: such cultivation is really far more important to ordinary garden soil than manuring.

Painting in Bulbs.

Some years ago, travelling from London to Bristol, I noticed on a hillside near the railway-line a name spelled out in daffodils. Viewed from a distance, the effect was delightful, but last season I noticed that the bulbs had spread in all directions and completely blotted out the device, though, of course, their waving yellow blooms were quite as welcome. Still, many an amateur may care to take this rough suggestion and trace out in his garden-beds lettering or other designs in bulbs. Personally, I am going to attempt a Union Jack in hyacinths, and many other plans will cross the minds of inventive gardeners. The chief point to bear in mind is that the various families of bulbs cannot be guaranteed to blossom together, and designs must be completed with one type of bulb. For instance, a name in hyacinths, but with the capital letters in tulips, would be an obvious impossibility. Then, again, bulbs should be uniform in size and quality and must be planted at precisely the same depth. For my Union Jack, I propose digging out the soil to a depth of four or five inches and then laying in sand an inch deep. On this sand I shall trace my design and arrange my bulbs, afterwards sifting back the soil. I need hardly remind you of the stars and circles tulips would make in their bright colours; snowdrops are capable of easy management, and crocuses will suggest edgings, at least. As for daffodils and narcissi, they may be well employed in picture-making. Summer "carpet-bedding" is common enough and perfectly successful. Why should bulbs be less satisfactory?

Feeding Poultry.

The importance of the feeding question as applied to poultry cannot be overestimated. Upon it depends financial success or failure, and many a disgusted fancier has been beaten not upon some troublesome question of crossing or rearing, but purely by the food problem. In the first place, the adult fowl needs just as much food as it will peck at eagerly, and no more. When it ceases to snap up its food it has had sufficient, and an overfed hen will never be a good laying hen. I can lay down no hard-and-fast rule, for so much depends upon breed of bird and class of run. At this time of year, however, birds who have a moderate grass run need a breakfast of warm meal and a supper of grain, and no more. Fowls in close captivity should be given a dinner of house-scraps and greenstuff. Regularity of feeding is another point far more important than people imagine. Possibly the head of the family at this time of year returns from his work when the birds are roosting, and the duty of feeding them is left to the busy housewife, who snatches the time from her domestic occupations when she best can. Half-an-hour before roosting-time should be selected regularly for the evening or last meal. I doubt, too, if fresh, clean water for fowls is studied as closely as it might be. The point is very important.

Egg-Laying Competition.

Poultry fanciers will watch with interest for the result of the latest departure in egg-laying contests—a competition lasting exactly one year, in which one hundred and twenty hens will take part. The scene of the contest is Rayne, a tiny Essex village, and the committee of the Utility Poultry Club are the promoters. The competition begins on Oct. 1. and lasts until Sept. 30, 1908, and the pens are arranged to hold six pullets each. "The competition will settle many interesting questions which would-be poultry keepers are always asking, and old hands are ever debating," writes "Home Counties" in the *Daily Chronicle*. "To start with, we shall know by October 1908 what is the maximum return in eggs which may be expected in England from half-a-dozen selected pullets in their first year. But the competition is not primarily to discover the number of eggs laid. A bird which lays many small eggs may not be as valuable as another which produces a fewer number of eggs of a larger size. Again, a bird which lays a relatively small number of eggs, but produces most of them in the dear periods of the year may be more profitable than a layer of more eggs, produced when eggs are low in price. The prizes of the competition go to the birds 'producing the highest value in eggs during the year.'"

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

G. SKEAT.—Your spelling is not quite correct. *Eryngium Alpinum* is the name you mean. It is the Alpine sea-holly, and throws large, soft, feathery heads of lavender-blue flowers, streaked, and glistening bright, like frosted tinsel. Yes, it is a splendid garden plant, costs about sixpence a root, and should be planted now or in the spring.

F. KEBLE.—Your fowls need a dust-bath of some kind. Give them a shallow box of dry ashes or sand, and watch the effect. This is Nature's way of keeping down the insect pests you name; but your house should be thoroughly cleaned and whitened out, and the posts and door in the run treated in the same way. There are four or five kinds of lice that infect hens, and I cannot tell from your description exactly the insect that is giving you so much trouble.

W. KENT.—Any nurseryman would know what you meant by the "Monkey Puzzle" tree, but Arancaria is the proper name. It is a fairly free-growing evergreen, and ought to succeed with you. A 2-ft. tree would cost you three shillings and sixpence; 3-ft. would cost six shillings.

H. W. B.—From my own experience I should say the white Orpington was as good a table-bird as you could grow.

K. B. RUSSELL.—There is a lot of disease about this year, and you will do well to get up your potatoes as soon as possible.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and will do so through the post direct, when a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for the purpose. Inquiries should be addressed to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C. A. COURLAND MARSHALL.

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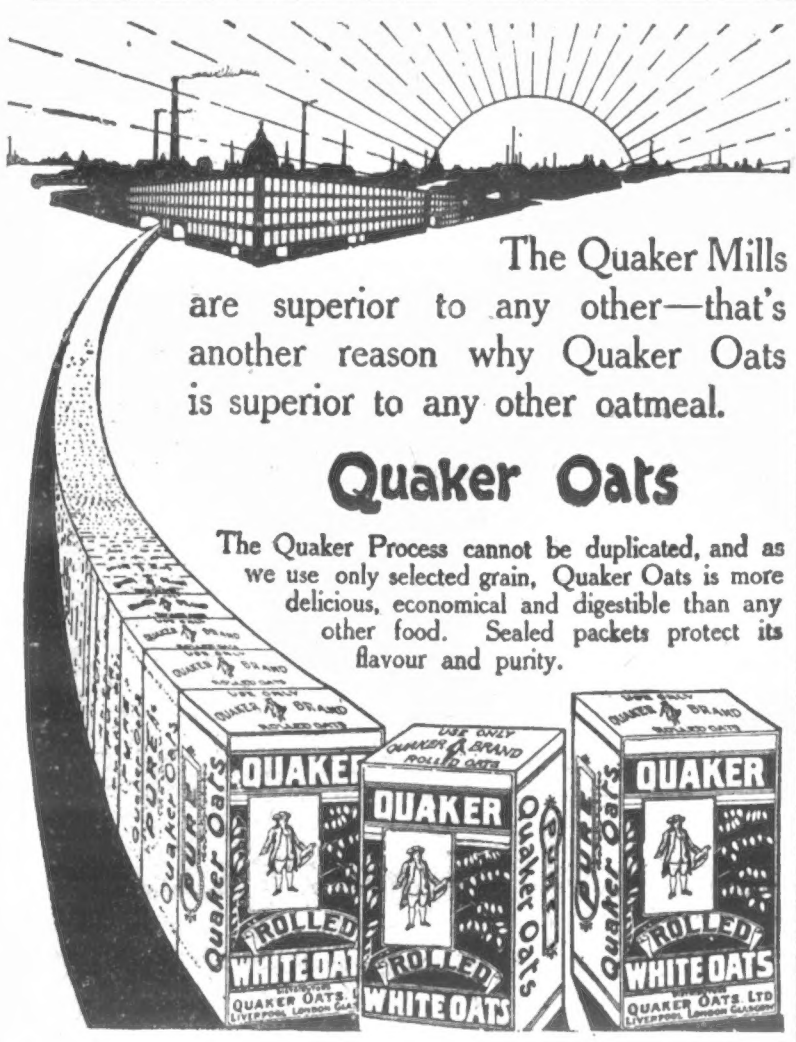

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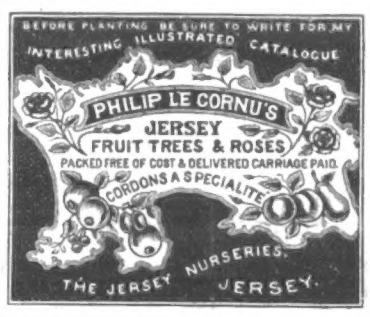

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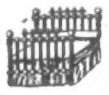

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Well, every hair of your head is a little soldier. The duty it shares with its more or less numerous fellows is that of maintaining the temperature of your brain at normal. Without a well-trained head of hair your brain must become too hot in summer and too cold in winter, and you have headaches when the sun shines, and colds in the head when the sun doesn't shine.

Nearly all ills of this nature can be directly traced to either lack of hair or ill-nourished, thin, patchy, and scanty locks. Prove this for yourself by a little observation. You will be surprised how greatly those whose hair is deficient suffer in this way.

This is considering the subject of your hair quite apart from the aspect of mere appearance, important as this is in itself.

You may have regarded that "thinning," or that "drying," or that "losing colour," or that rapidly spreading "bald patch," as the relentless and unavoidable sign of your advancing years—unavoidable, perhaps, because your father, or grandfather, was bald, or because of some fancied constitutional peculiarity of your own.

Not a bit of any one of these favourite fallacies need stand in the way of your desire for hair-improvement. The only thing that can stand in the way would be your own neglect to drill your hair. What, for instance, would become of the British Navy if it were "neglected"? It is just the same with your hair.

ARE YOU WILLING TO TRY?

"How can you drill your hair?"

Well, are you willing to try? Are you willing to test the drilling of your hair for one week, if it entails no more expense than the trivial amount of 3d.?

"Yes," you say.

All right; now, will you just note that the present condition of your hair is either one or more of the following—

1. Dry,
2. Brittle,
3. Lustreless,
4. Losing colour
5. Falling,
6. Scurfy,
7. Greasy,
8. Slightly odorous,

(or) 9. Thin or patchy.

Under one or other of these definitions you will probably be able to classify yourself, for it is a remarkable and significant fact that an ideal head of hair is practically a rarity.

Or isn't your hair prone to fall out or break away every time you apply the brush and comb to it? And you know what it is to see the dressing-table littered with fallen hair every time you perform this part of your toilet.

If you, therefore, can candidly admit to yourself that your hair does come under one or more of the foregoing descriptions, you certainly ought not to let slip this opportunity of so easily and so cheaply finding out what the right kind of care for your hair will do for you—you certainly ought to try one week's free test drill of your hair. Do you not think so?

WHAT THE DRILL WILL PROVE!!

Even if your hair is in what you believe to be good condition, try one week's drill, all the same, and your hair will take on added qualities of beauty.

In any case, the trial cannot fail to be deeply interesting to you.

The week's test will produce results that will open your eyes to the possibilities of proper hair drill, and will convince you that your former apathy or resignation was quite a mistaken feeling to harbour.

This trial, short as it is, will yet show you—

That your hair can be drilled into fine condition.
That your hair need not be too brittle or too limp.
That your hair need not be too lustreless or too shiny.
That it need not be too highly coloured or too colourless.
That it need not fall out when brushed or combed.
That it certainly need not be scurfy, greasy or odorous.

The one week's trial, for which the enterprising proprietors of the famous preparation Edwards' "Harlene" are willing to send a sufficient supply to every "Penny Illustrated Paper" reader who sends three penny stamps to cover cost of return postage, will also show another remarkable effect. It will show how important to the welfare of your brain is the condition of your hair, and before the end of the week you will revel in a sense of mental lightness and alertness.

Your test will not be speculative in the slightest degree. The special free bottle of "Harlene" placed at your disposal for the purpose of the test is used by most of those members of Royalty and Society who are noted for beautiful hair.

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As before stated, without placing yourself under any obligation whatever, you will become entitled to a supply sufficient for the interesting test above outlined, immediately on your sending simply your name and address on the application form appended below.

Why not send to-day, and thus place yourself in a position to commence the week's trial the day after to-morrow?

A strong word of caution should be given against taking internal remedies, which will ruin the constitution, and cheap, worthless remedies which will ruin the hair.

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